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PETER BEINART

THE NEW REPUBLIC
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Southern Man

Is Phil Bredesen the Future Of the Democratic Party Or the Last of a Dying Breed?

CLAY RISEN

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On Education Reform, Let's Avoid False Choices

Kurt M. Landgraf,
President & CEO, ETS

As a new presidential term begins and a new Congress convenes, policymakers face some of the most momentous issues in our nation's history. Education reform continues to be one of them.

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CORRESPONDENCE

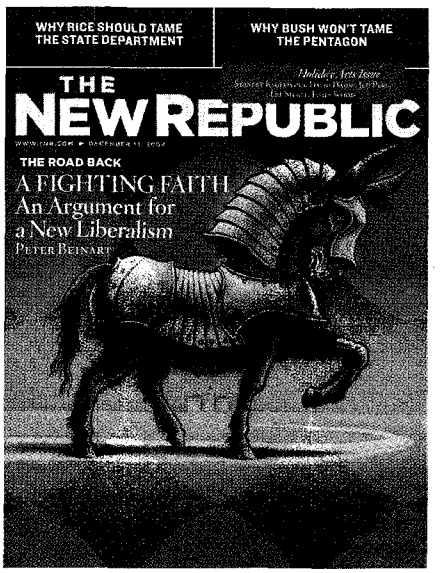
FIGHT CLUB

I TAKE EXCEPTION WITH PETER Beinart's argument about liberalism ("A Fighting Faith," December 13, 2004). Even if he intends that article for Democratic wonks and liberal Washington pointy-heads, his characterization of "the grassroots" as a group to be manipulated for its own well-being is insulting. As a lower-middle-class rube (not employed by any government entity or political party and holding a low-paying job with no prospects), I want to inform Beinart that many of us liberal "grassroots" are aware of the necessity of national defense. But we are under economic duress. Being under such pressure and not seeing a way to remedy the situation, it is possible for people, including nonliberals, to react in three ways: first, seek solace in religion; second, sublimate your anger and powerlessness by feeling good about the U.S. government's current kick-butt attitude toward terrorism and everyone who is against "us"; third, while staying cognizant of the terrorist threat, keep pressing for the repeal of anti-wage-earner government policies and for changes to the winner-take-all economic system in this country and elsewhere.

Critics have suggested that the Democratic Party get God, and now Beinart seems to be suggesting that the Democrats demonstrate more kick-butt attitude than the Republicans. This attitude is a liability. It may energize some of the economically impotent and morally arrogant in this country, but it also inspires anti-Americanism and goads terrorists. A better plan would be to use the skills of Michael Moore and others like him—people who know how to inspire the liberal grassroots for the benefit of the Democratic Party. Moore has been—and continues to be—a man fighting for economic justice. *Fahrenheit 9/11* was sometimes puerile, but the film made convincing arguments that the 2000 election was stolen in Florida and that the Republicans' wars are being fought primarily by those who are daunted by their economic prospects in this country. His point was not, however, that all wars are pointless, but rather that the reasons for war need to be true, not lies, and clearly in the national interest, rather than for personal gain or personal payback. Even though I may disagree with much of what Moore postulates, I admire his willingness to take on President Bush and big business.

If you want the Democratic Party to appear stronger on national defense, have Moore—or someone just as adept—make some movies about how the Republicans are undermining national security. Moore could, for example, tackle the growing national debt and how it sucks away funds from programs for Americans in need and reduces funds for resources to combat terrorism. Or he could make a movie about how smart people who get lousy jobs might believe suicide bombing or service as an Army grunt are the most suitable ways to assure a good future (even if it is in paradise). Democrats need more Michael Moore types: slightly outrageous, media savvy, and able to hype important liberal issues, even national defense, while not emulating Republicans.

SUE BARNARD
West Roxbury, Massachusetts


WHY RICE SHOULD TAME THE STATE DEPARTMENT
WHY BUSH WON'T TAME THE PENTAGON
THE NEW REPUBLIC
THE ROAD BACK
A FIGHTING FAITH
An Argument for a New Liberalism
PETER BEINART

BEINART ARGUES THAT THE DEMocrats must take a strong line on terrorism, just as Democrats after 1945 did on communism. He cites John F. Kennedy, who, in 1960, ran a campaign tough on communism and, while in office, "dramatically increased military spending." Kennedy also campaigned on the missile gap, which he used to frighten audiences. The Russians supposedly had a great advantage in intercontinental ballistic missiles. There was a large gap, but it was in our favor, not theirs. Kennedy also demonstrated his seriousness about the cold war by invading Cuba at the Bay of Pigs and by trying to assassinate Fidel Castro. He increased the number of military advisers in Vietnam to 16,000, and he helped unseat Cheddi Jagan in Guyana. I am not sure that these are examples to be followed.

MELVIN SHEFFTZ
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BEINART GETS IT HALF RIGHT. YES, we do have to fight the war on terrorism; yes, radical Islam is a threat to our way of life. Most liberals realize this. But Beinart talks about "totalitarian Islam" as if that means something. He seems to be accepting the Bush tautology: We were attacked because our enemies are evil; no further interest in their perceptions or motivations is required. I believe that this kind of thinking will lead to our loss in the war on terrorism. If we are talking about the development of Al Qaeda's ideology and why it has become popular in the Islamic world, surely it matters that the United States, for its own geopolitical reasons, props up oppressive governments like Egypt and Saudi Arabia, which drive all opposition into the only

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political space they cannot coopt or control—radical Islam. Surely it matters that U.S. policy, along with that of the British and French, worked very hard to snuff out emerging democratic movements in the region during the colonial period and afterward. Surely it matters that we supported Saddam Hussein for as long as it was in our interest to do so. Surely it matters that the United States has never denied Israel anything in its continuing war to dispossess the Palestinians. None of this means that terrorism is justified or that we shouldn't fight it. But it does mean that terrorism doesn't come from some unknowable urge to "evil" (or, in Beinart's construction, "totalitarian Islam"). We cannot overthrow a repressive government in Iraq while sustaining one in Saudi Arabia (one that keeps the oil flowing) and act like we are accomplishing anything. We certainly cannot claim to be concerned with "freedom." If we want to win, we have to know our enemies—and ourselves. Beinart's way of framing the question does not help.

JESSE LARNER
New York, New York

LET US LIBERALS KEEP OUR HEADS. The presidency was lost in November because, on September 11, Bush was transformed from a mediocre golfer into a wartime president. An intelligent response to terrorism is the responsibility of liberals, not adopting—or even acquiescing to—a war for regime change using carrier battle groups and cruise missiles. That intelligent response does require a shift in liberal thinking as Beinart rightly sees. But it is the essence of liberal thought that recognizes the injustice and consequences of offensive warfare. That thought will not change, and it should not. How many clever terrorists have we generated by our collateral damage? Liberals can unite behind intelligent counterterrorism that will require balancing our internal due process with safety. We can support the shift from the entrenched defense-industrial complex to aggressive counterterrorism that makes military and financial sense. We can focus on the 9/11 Commission's recommendations. Intelligent liberals need not adopt the irrationality of reducing cities and losing Marines to change hearts and minds.

ROBERT G. HOWIE
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BEINART'S COMPARISON OF THE present war on Islamic fundamentalists with the cold war doesn't hold up under scrutiny. He claims that the postwar Democrats had to oppose communism in the Soviet Union, but he fails to mention that, when Richard Nixon went to China, the morality of fighting communism in order to save the world was revealed as just plain nonsense. We did not need to fight communism then, and we do not need to embark on a world conquest of Islamic fundamentalism now. We *do* need to get out of the Middle East before more American lives are lost.

CONNIE ALWOOD
St. Louis, Missouri

BEINART'S ARTICLE IS EXACTLY right: Today's liberals are unwilling to oppose totalitarianism with force, in sad contrast to the liberals of 1947, who truly faced up to the cold war. The reason for this sea change is so fundamental that it has remained largely unnoticed. In 1947, liberal leaders believed in majority rule, and today, they do not. Why should they go to war for majority rule abroad when they believe in rule by elites at home? The far-sighted liberals in 1947 had great faith in the judgment of the people because, whether they were labor leaders or intellectuals, they themselves had roots deep in the working class. But no more. Today, liberals are professionals: well-educated and isolated by academic meritocracy in enclaves of others like themselves. "The people" are no longer their heritage and have become their class enemies. So almost every procedural "reform" in the last 30 years has restricted majority rule in the name of expanding it. Those whose own primary identity is test-score superiority over their fellow citizens are the last people on earth to nurture the growth of democracy abroad.

DAVID LEBEDOFF
Minneapolis, Minnesota

COURT ORDER

ANDREW SULLIVAN IS CORRECT about the basic rationale for a federal system—and the fact that both liberals and conservatives have been hypocritical in supporting either state or federal power depending upon which one was most likely to enact policies with which they agree ("Federal Express," December 13, 2004). And he uses the fallout from *Roe* v. *Wade* and gay marriage as a warning to liberals to "cool it on the courts." So far, so good. But is it true that over two centuries we have often done better by leaving heavily charged issues of culture and moral judgments to the states? Unfortunately, there is one issue on which this approach was a total failure, one from which we have not yet recovered: slavery and Jim Crow. Some states attempted to secede in order to preserve slavery, and several of those same states promised "massive resistance" to *Brown* v. *Board of Education*. It's true that *Brown* didn't desegregate many schools, at least for a while. ("All deliberate speed" turned out to be a snail's pace.) But does anyone really believe that Jim Crow would have been abolished had it not been—as Earl Warren understood—for the moral leadership of the Supreme Court? (Look at Alabama's refusal to remove language approving segregation in a referendum in November.) The courts cannot solve everything. In fact, about all they can do is tell a state (or federal, for that matter) government that it cannot do something. They have, as Alexander Hamilton said, neither the purse nor the sword, only judgment. But much of what followed *Brown*—bus boycotts, sit-ins, freedom rides, and voting rights marches that resulted in the key civil rights acts of 1964 and 1965—would not have happened had the Court not taken that first step. It was only after the NAACP had gone about as far as it could in the courts that these other "political" steps could be taken. I would say racism was a "nonnegotiable" moral issue—for much of the white South (and, increasingly, the black South) in the 1950s. There, federalism was not the solution; it was the problem. Perhaps race is *sui generis,* and the real lesson is that liberals need to rely much more on "politics" and less on the courts for promoting most of their agenda. It is certainly true that, if they aren't successful politically, the courts will become less and less sympathetic to that agenda as well. But one purpose of a Bill of Rights is to protect individuals and minorities from the tyranny of the majority, and that lesson cannot be forgotten.

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Boomerang

TRB FROM WASHINGTON

WHY IS PRESIDENT BUSH having more trouble (so far) trying to partially privatize Social Security than he had cutting taxes in 2001? Some of the reasons are simple: Partially privatizing Social Security could mean short-term pain, in the form of reduced benefits. Upper-income tax cuts, by contrast, seemed pretty cost-free. Yes, they increased the deficit, but that danger looked fairly remote in 2001, when the country was running a budget surplus. Today, by contrast, even if Bush tries the free-lunch approach to partial privatization—no benefit cuts and trillions in new debt—Democrats will likely react with greater alarm. After all, the government is already running a large deficit, created in part by the tax cuts Bush assured us we could afford.

And it's not just the president's economic record that has Democrats wary; it's his political record as well. When Bush began selling his first tax cut four years ago, he was still considered a can't-we-all-get-along bipartisan, a reputation fed by stories of his famously chummy relations with the Democratic good ol' boys in the Texas legislature. Today, needless to say, his reputation is rather different. As Will Marshall, president of the centrist Progressive Policy Institute, recently told the *Los Angeles Times*, "There is absolutely no trust among Democrats that you could cooperate with Republicans ... and not be taken to the cleaners."

But there is one more reason that, as *The Weekly Standard*'s Fred Barnes recently noted, "conventional wisdom in Washington" suggests that "Bush's plan to reform Social Security is dead before it's been unveiled." And it's more than a little ironic. It may be that the GOP's victories in last November's elections, the very victories that Bush says give him the "political capital" to push through partial privatization, are actually making the effort harder. By killing off the Democrats most susceptible to his influence, Bush may have created a political dynamic that works for his opponents, and against him.

The most obvious example, as Carolyn Lochhead recently pointed out in an excellent article in *The San Francisco Chronicle*, is Charlie Stenholm. Stenholm, a 13-term representative from West Texas, was probably the congressional Democrat most enamored of partial privatization. He had already co-sponsored a partial-privatization bill and would likely have done so again. Having Stenholm's name attached to private accounts would have given Bush's effort a bipartisan veneer—and an ally able to lobby red-state Democrats more effectively than the White House ever could.

But Stenholm is no longer in Congress. He lost his seat, along with four of his Democratic colleagues, when Bush's Texas allies pushed through an absurdly gerrymandered redistricting plan. In the Senate, Bush has also lost a host of potential allies. The Democratic senators most inclined to support some version of Bush's plan are, not surprisingly, those from the South. Charles Robb, the former senator from Virginia, was a vocal proponent of private accounts. So was John Breaux, who retired from his seat in Louisiana last year. When the Senate took up Bush's tax cut in 2001, both Democrats from Georgia—Zell Miller and Max Cleland—voted yes.

But today, Georgia doesn't have any Democratic senators. Overall, the number of Democratic senators from the old Confederacy has dropped from nine in 2001 to only four today. Had Democrat Brad Carson won his Senate bid in Oklahoma, or Inez Tenenbaum won in South Carolina, or Chris John won in Louisiana (where both Senate Democrats backed Bush's tax cut in 2001), they would have taken office eager to prove their bipartisan bona fides. If you're a freshmen Democrat from a state Bush won by 16 (Louisiana), 17 (South Carolina) or 31 points (Oklahoma), the last thing you want in your first months in office is to defy the president and put yourself in lockstep with Hillary Clinton and Ted Kennedy. It's not certain these vulnerable Democrats would have supported partially privatizing Social Security, but, at the very least, they would have tried to seem open to compromise.

Of course, the Republicans who beat them are virtually automatic votes for whatever Bush wants. But, on a major "reform" like Social Security, one vote from across the aisle is worth more than one from your own side. (Especially in the Senate, where the filibuster rule means you need 60 votes to pass major legislation.) Partly, that's because when a Democrat supports Bush's agenda, it's newsworthy, and it builds momentum in the press. When Democratic senators like Montana's Max Baucus signaled their openness to Bush's tax cut in 2001, it created a sense of inevitability that demoralized opponents. Conversely, the absence of Senate Democrats willing to do the same so far on Social Security privatization has produced a spate of stories that should worry the White House ("DEMOCRATS ARE FINDING UNITY IN THEIR OPPOSITION TO PRIVATE RETIREMENT ACCOUNTS," *Los Angeles Times*; "CENTRISTS STEER CLEAR OF SOCIAL SECURITY PLANS," *The Hill*; "DEMOCRATS ARE UNITED IN PLANS TO BLOCK TOP BUSH INITIATIVES," *The Washington Post*). And those news stories have shaped discussion on the chat shows, where even some conservative commentators now express pessimism about Bush's chances.

Democratic support is also important because it protects vulnerable Republicans. In 2001, a bipartisan group of centrists banded together to support a tax cut far larger than most Democrats would accept. This ad hoc alliance not only gave red-state Democrats the political protection they needed, it did the same for blue-state Republicans. On the key vote, every Republican senator backed the tax cut.

Today, moderate Senate Republicans like Rhode Island's Lincoln Chafee, who is up for reelection in 2006 in a Democratic state, need that bipartisan protection again. But, so far, they aren't getting it. As one Senate Republican aide recently told *The Hill*, "Republicans need moderate Democrats to be a part of this process to get cover. ... If there are no Democrats who are going to come across here, you may have some revolt within the Republicans."

It is far too early to declare Social Security privatization dead. But, if it fails, it will likely prove the old Washington axiom that big changes either occur on a bipartisan basis or they don't occur at all. Having made it almost impossible to be a bipartisan Democrat, Bush may be about to learn that they can be useful to have around. Somewhere, Charlie Stenholm is laughing.

PETER BEINART

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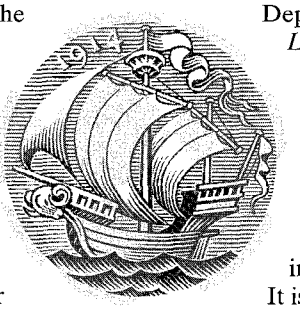
Twist My Arm

ALTHOUGH FAILING TO pay taxes on behalf of an illegal nanny is enough to put a quick end to Cabinet aspirations these days, demonstrating a general disrespect for the rule of law is not. And so, as THE NEW REPUBLIC goes to press, Alberto R. Gonzales is measuring curtains for his new Justice Department office. It is a troubling start to the next four years.

It is troubling because of the willingness with which our new attorney general, the nation's chief law enforcement official, has swept aside settled legal doctrine and, in its place, crafted contorted arguments allowing the Bush administration to trammel human rights in the war on terrorism. Most famously, as White House counsel, Gonzales recommended that the Geneva Conventions need not apply in the conflict with Al Qaeda. In doing so, he ignored the advice of the State Department and military brass, which worried that setting aside written, long-settled codes of conduct could undermine discipline, with negative repercussions. Gonzales countered that the president's general order to treat detainees humanely was sufficient. The pictures from Abu Ghraib show who was right in that debate.

Gonzales is less well-known, but equally culpable, for damaging our tradition of due process. He helped craft the administration's policy that "enemy combatants," as designated by the president, could be held—perhaps indefinitely—without access to lawyers or the right to challenge their detention. The Supreme Court ruled that policy unconstitutional last year. Gonzales was also a chief architect of the Guantánamo Bay military tribunals, notable for their unusually low standards for admissible evidence, prerogative to withhold that evidence from defendants, and judges who lacked any prior legal experience. A federal court put a stop to those tribunals in November, after determining that they failed to meet U.S. standards of justice. Time and again, Gonzales has decided that his improvisations are better than decades, and even centuries, of domestic and international law. And, time and again, his ideas have made the United States less decent and less safe.

Yet the Gonzales Cabinet appointment is more troubling still because it testifies to the reluctance of the Bush administration to learn from its mistakes. The White House doesn't seem to care that, during the last four years, its chief lawyer repeatedly ran afoul of the courts. Or that he has become a symbol of the country's digressions from internationally accepted standards of human rights, even as it supposedly fights a war to further democracy and its principles. Administration officials want to promote him. And, while they're at it, they want to continue to dance around the law in the name of the war on terrorism. President Bush is appealing the court decision striking down the Guantánamo tribunals. The Defense Department is asking for $25 million to build a prison, as *The Washington Post* put it, "to hold detainees who are unlikely to ever go through a military tribunal for lack of evidence." And, though government investigators, the International Committee of the Red Cross, the FBI, and prison guards and prisoners have all documented or complained of widespread physical and psychological abuse at Guantánamo and other U.S. interrogation centers—in some cases resulting in death—only a few low-ranking soldiers have been punished, while higher-ups, such as Alberto Gonzales, reap rewards.



Unfortunately, given that the administration still has a lot to answer for, the Senate Judiciary Committee rushed Gonzales through a single day of hearings. There must be a sustained effort to expose the degree to which human rights abuses have become a standard tool in this new war—and to stop it before it does even more moral and strategic damage. In its annual report, released last week, Human Rights Watch listed Cuba, Egypt, Malaysia, and Russia among the countries that excused their own human rights records by pointing to U.S. actions. A recently retired State Department official told the *Los Angeles Times* that, when a foreign diplomat had confronted him with that argument, "I threw it back in his face. I said, 'You know, unlike my rulers, your rulers have been torturing people for decades.' "

It is a sad day when we must distinguish ourselves from totalitarian regimes on the basis of *how long* we have used torture. We badly need to show the people of the Muslim world why they would be better off in a democratic society than in a totalitarian one. And, as long as we employ torture, indefinite detention, and kangaroo courts, we aren't giving them a very good reason. ■

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NOTEBOOK

KERRY'S ELECTION CONSPIRACY . . . BUSH'S PRIVATIZATION FALLACY

KERRY IDIOCY WATCH, PART I

DEMOCRATS HAD BEEN SUCCESSFUL at confining the sour grapes about the presidential election—and the loony talk and conspiracy theories those sour grapes sow—to the fringes of their party, leaving it to outliers like California Senator Barbara Boxer and Ohio Representative Stephanie Tubbs Jones to protest the awarding of Ohio's electoral votes to President Bush on the grounds that there had been voting irregularities in that state. But, this week, those sour grapes received a star endorsement when Senator John Kerry, in a Martin Luther King Day speech, declared that "thousands of people were suppressed in the effort to vote." Kerry went on to elaborate, "Voting machines were distributed in uneven ways. In Democratic districts, it took people four, five, eleven hours to vote, while Republicans [went] through in ten minutes." Kerry isn't wrong about the fact that discrepancies in voting technology exist and that Congress and the Bush administration should work to make sure these long-standing disparities are eliminated. He also isn't wrong that the GOP has sometimes tried to suppress the Democratic vote. But, by using the word "suppressed" when talking about differences in voting technology, Kerry is promoting the unproven and utterly self-defeating argument that these disparities are the result of intentional actions on the part of Republicans and that they somehow cost him the election. There are many lessons Democrats should take from their recent electoral defeats; crying wolf about Republican dirty tricks isn't one of them.

KERRY IDIOCY WATCH, PART II

AT THE *SENATE FOREIGN RELATIONS* Committee's January 18 hearing on Condoleezza Rice's appointment as secretary of state, John Kerry, still exhibiting the dark sulk he has been wearing since November 2 (as if the election's outcome, as in 2000, were really in dispute), addressed the nominee by repeating the confusing tropes about Iraq that helped lose him his big place in history. But his most curious remarks about Iraq came this Monday, when he spoke to reporters about his recent trip to the Middle East and found another opening to criticize the Bush administration. "All of the Arab world," Kerry explained, "is deeply disturbed by the absence of sufficient political diplomacy, the reconciliation necessary between Shia and Sunni." Now, reconciliation is a very tall order indeed. Iraq's Sunnis and Shia have been at each other's throats for something like 13 centuries. (There is hardly a country in the Muslim world where these two sects of Islam are truly at peace.) In Iraq, Sunni dominion—enforced by the British after World War I and reinforced after Desert Storm by the long-standing U.S. (and at that moment, Bush père's) preference for Sunni suzerainty—has always been cruel. Anyone who thinks that "sufficient political diplomacy" by the United States can bring about "reconciliation" between the Sunni and Shia knows nothing essential about either Iraq or Islam. But leave it to Kerry to throw the idea out casually, as if it were self-evident. Perhaps he could get the Security Council to pass a resolution "urgently" expressing its "grave concern" that these two wings of Islam remain stubbornly at war. Wouldn't that clean up the matter?

John Kerry

BUSH'S EXPERT OPINION

ON JANUARY 16, *THE NEW YORK Times* reported that Bush is enlisting the Social Security Administration (SSA) to help push his plans for individual retirement accounts. According to the *Times*, Bush's effort has raised hackles among SSA employees wary of shilling for his political agenda. Fortunately for the president, at least one high-ranking SSA employee already has years of experience doing just that. Andrew Biggs, associate commissioner for retirement policy, joined the SSA in May 2003; before that, he spent several years as a Social Security analyst at the libertarian Cato Institute, a job that seems to have mostly involved lobbing millenarian predictions about the imminent bankrupting of the system into newspaper articles and onto op-ed pages. And it looks like that is now going to be his job at SSA as well. While stumping for privatization last week, Bush pulled "fellow citizen" Biggs up to the microphone—"He is the associate commissioner for retirement policy at the Social Security Administration; to me, that says expert"—and let him rip through what amounted to a Cato-issued privatization primer. Biggs isn't the first supposedly apolitical "citizen" enlisted in Bush's privatization crusade—a few weeks ago, we reported on how Sandy Jaques, a privatization advocate formerly employed by the right-wing

DAVID COWLES

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FreedomWorks, is being passed off as simply a "single mother from Iowa" when she takes the podium at pro-privatization forums (Notebook, December 27, 2004–January 10, 2005). One can understand why Bush is resorting to Astroturf hucksterism: If you can't find any actual experts who support privatization, you might as well invent some.

FOR THIS YOU NEEDED AN INTELLIGENCE ESTIMATE?

"THE IRAQI GOVERNMENT THAT emerges from the elections on Jan. 30 will almost certainly ask the United States to set a specific timetable for withdrawing its troops, according to American intelligence estimates described by senior administration officials." —*The New York Times* on January 19, 2003. The United Iraqi Alliance, which is expected to win a majority in the January 30 elections, has been publicly declaring its desire to set a timetable for U.S. withdrawal since early December.

SO THAT WOULD MAKE HIM THE ULTIMATE PLAYER, THEN?

"IN A WHITE HOUSE THAT IS STILL sensitive to any suggestion that the vice president is the puppet master, colleagues and supporters dismiss any suggestion that Mr. Cheney is calling the shots or that he is the de facto Treasury secretary. 'He is a policy player,' Mr. Card said, adding, 'He is not the penultimate player' in decision making." —*The New York Times*, January 18

UH, IT'S JUST A RADIO SHOW

"WHAT NPR IS APPARENTLY upset about is not that I would not negotiate, but that I wouldn't acquiesce. I do not do my best work in chains and shackles. For black kids and brown kids yet unborn, I felt I had to say no." —Tavis Smiley, explaining why he left his show on National Public Radio, as quoted in *The Washington Post* on January 17, Martin Luther King Day ■

TNR.commentary

IRAQ'D

SPENCER ACKERMAN

"MUTUAL ASSENT IS THE MECHANISM": On January 16, *The New York Times* published a truly illuminating profile of Army Lieutenant General John R. Vines. Vines will relieve his three-star colleague, Thomas Metz, as commander of ground forces in Iraq after the January 30 elections. And, if his *Times* interview is any indication, he is an excellent choice for a tremendously difficult mission.

Vines emphasized to the *Times* the need for "rapid progress in training and preparing Iraqis to assume responsibility for security in every province," a task that he suggested may lead him to reassign perhaps 10,000 military advisers directly to Iraqi units. That's not exceptional in and of itself: After all, Pentagon officials have vowed for the past 18 months that establishing Iraqi security forces is job number one, without much in the way of results to show for it. But Vines and his staff implicitly recognize that the 150,000 American troops in Iraq won't be able to destroy the insurgency themselves—which is what Eric Schmitt of the *Times* means when he describes "the redirection of American military priorities"—and therefore a more rapid Iraqification is necessary.

Vastly more important still is what Vines told Schmitt about a U.S. departure:

> We won't dictate the terms of when we will draw down. Mutual assent is the mechanism. Is the Iraqi government satisfied that they have enough control, that they have an adequate level of security and their citizens can go about their daily lives?

Wow. Never before has an American military commander—or civilian official, for that matter—stated so bluntly that the future course of the occupation will be determined in Baghdad and not in Washington. "Mutual assent" will mean that the United States will have to demonstrate its utility to an Iraqi government whose number-two electoral priority is a U.S. withdrawal, regardless of whether Iraqi security forces are ready to take over, which is Iyad Allawi's apparent criterion. By recognizing the importance of Iraqi decision-making, Vines is demonstrating his understanding of the political consequences an Iraqi government suffers by collaborating with foreign occupiers. Which perhaps shouldn't be surprising: Not only does Vines come from the Special Forces—where American commanders can learn how difficult training foreign militaries can be—but he has spent nearly five years in the Middle East and South Asia, where a U.S. uniform can earn as much scorn as respect from the populace. That's good news. Even if the president believes that his reelection absolves him of all his Iraq mistakes—which is an impressively solipsistic understanding of democracy—his new ground commander looks like the sort of person who can save him from making more of them.

&c.

NOAM SCHEIBER

ABOUT THAT *WASHINGTON POST* POLL:

There's a question in the *Washington Post* poll released on January 18 that is worded as follows:

> One idea to help keep the Social Security system funded is to reduce the rate of growth in guaranteed benefits for future retirees by up to one and a half percent a year. Would you support or oppose this reduction in the rate of growth in benefits for future retirees as a way to help keep Social Security funded?

According to the *Post*, the response was basically a wash: 48 percent opposed the idea, 47 percent supported it. So does that mean it would be hard for Democrats to defeat privatization by emphasizing benefit cuts?

Noooooo!!!!!!

What would be a wash is a debate in which one side argues, "To help keep the Social Security system funded, we want to reduce the rate of growth in guaranteed benefits for future retirees by up to 1.5 percent a year." And the other side argues, "We oppose reducing the rate of growth in guaranteed benefits for future retirees by up to 1.5 percent a year, even though it would help keep the Social Security system funded and would, truth be told, be the responsible thing to do."

What would not be a wash is a debate in which one side argues: "To help keep the Social Security system funded, we want to reduce the rate of growth in guaranteed benefits for future retirees by up to 1.5 percent a year." And the other side argues, "Bush will *slash* your Social Security benefits." Or, even better, "Bush will *slash* your Social Security benefits by $4 *trillion*," which is the kind of cut we're talking about. Note to congressional Democrats: If there's something in here that doesn't make sense, please see "Medicare, slowing growth of, 1995," in your handbook.

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The Court's fancy footwork.

Breyer Review

BY JEFFREY ROSEN

WHEN THE SUPREME COURT struck down state sentencing guidelines last spring in *Blakely* v. *Washington*, federal judges prepared for the worst. Since the federal and state sentencing guidelines are, for all practical purposes, indistinguishable, many judges expected that the Court would strike down the federal guidelines as well. This, they imagined, would throw the entire federal justice system into chaos by forcing thousands of defendants to be resentenced. And, by requiring juries, rather than judges, to take the lead in determining sentences, they feared that the Supreme Court would further reduce the relevance of district judges in their own courtrooms, continuing the assault on judicial discretion that Congress began two decades ago.

But, in *United States* v. *Booker*, decided last week, an unexpected defection by Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg caused federal judges to celebrate by e-mail with surprise and relief. Ginsburg joined Justices Antonin Scalia, David Souter, John Paul Stevens, and Clarence Thomas in holding the federal sentencing guidelines unconstitutional. But, instead of replacing the guidelines with an even worse alternative, as lower courts had feared, the Court endorsed a remedy that almost no one anticipated. In a move that Frank Bowman, a law professor at Indiana University, accurately described as "a remarkable act of judicial jujitsu," Justice Stephen Breyer persuaded Ginsburg to join him and Justices Sandra Day O'Connor, William Rehnquist, and Anthony Kennedy in declaring that the federal sentencing guidelines could be preserved as long as judges treat them as advisory rather than mandatory. In a dramatic and creative gesture, Breyer managed to snatch back for federal judges all the discretion that Congress denied them in 1984, when it created the sentencing guidelines and made them mandatory.

Whatever can be said for Breyer's solution as a matter of law, it makes a lot of sense as a matter of policy: The sentencing guidelines had become a straitjacket that was leading even the most conservative district court judges to lament the draconian sentences they were forced to impose. But, as Breyer noted, "[T]he ball is now in Congress's court," and Congress can either endorse his solution or replace it. The best thing Congress could do, in the short term, is to wait and see whether judges exercise their new discretion responsibly by choosing to follow the guidelines in all but the most unusual cases. If, instead, a few activist judges use their freedom rashly to impose their own visions of justice, congressional Republicans are prepared to retaliate by adopting harsh new limits on judicial discretion that could make the old ones look tame.

BREYER'S VICTORY WAS personal in more ways than one: He managed to restore the federal sentencing system to something like the one he had tried to create as chief counsel for Senator Edward Kennedy on the Judiciary Committee in the late '70s. Liberals like Kennedy and Breyer worried that sentencing disparities were unfair to minorities; they sought greater uniformity as a way of promoting equality. At the same time, conservatives were eager to abolish parole as a way of promoting longer sentences. Eventually, in the bipartisan sentencing reform act of 1984, Congress abolished parole and adopted mandatory federal sentencing guidelines to guarantee that prisoners would serve predictable terms.

Although the initial sentencing guidelines were motivated by a search for fairness, federal judges resented the fact that Congress had tied their hands. Breyer, appointed to the appellate bench in 1980, tried to reassure his colleagues that the sentencing guidelines were not so bad. If a judge thought a sentence was too high, he told them at judicial conferences, they should simply "depart, depart, depart," referring to their ability to reduce a sentence by departing downward from the guidelines. But, in 1987, at the height of the Reagan-era war on drugs, Congress put new limitations on downward departures by passing a series of harsh mandatory minimum sentences for drug and gun offenses. These mandatory minimums led to wild disparities between the punishments for similar amounts of crack and powder cocaine, for example, and many judges considered them unconscionable. When the federal sentencing commission proposed to eliminate the disparity between crack and powder cocaine in 1995, Congress blocked the change at the insistence of the Clinton Justice Department. At the time, the administration was under pressure from the National Rifle Association, which, angry about the passage of the assault-weapons ban the previous year, accused the White House of coddling criminals because it failed to push for passage of new mandatory minimums. The NRA's threats led Congress and the White House to judge-bashing of the crudest kind.

In the Bush administration, Congress became even more aggressive in declaring war on judicial discretion. In 2003, Congress passed an amendment introduced by Tom Feeney, a freshman House Republican from Florida. Largely drafted by the Ashcroft Justice Department, the Feeney amendment required that, every time a federal judge reduced a sentence, the judge's name be reported to Congress. The Feeney amendment also provided that downward departures should be reviewed skeptically by appellate courts. "The game is over for judges," sneered Judiciary Chairman Orrin Hatch. The reporting requirement infuriated the federal judiciary—so much so that Chief Justice Rehnquist, in his annual report in 2003, said that it "could appear to be an unwarranted and ill-considered effort to intimidate individ-

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TO CONVICT ONE DOCTOR, ZEALOTS AT DEA TORE UP PAIN GUIDELINES DEVELOPED OVER FOUR YEARS.

Last August, after an historic collaboration between the Drug Enforcement Administration and the University of Wisconsin's Pain & Policy Studies Group, the DEA published new and widely applauded Pain Management Guidelines intended to protect physicians from prosecution by overzealous federal agents. In October the DEA suddenly withdrew the Guidelines, effectively trashing years of effort. Why?

According to the Washington Post, "The DEA's abrupt turnaround appeared to have been triggered when defense lawyers tried to introduce the new Guidelines in the trial of Dr. (William) Hurwitz" -- a Virginia pain specialist accused of over-prescribing. Shortly after the Guidelines were withdrawn, the US prosecutor successfully petitioned the court to exclude them as evidence.

In the Pain Guidelines, the doctors and the DEA had agreed that the government should stop investigating doctors like Hurwitz simply for being active in pain management -- and stop prosecuting those few who followed the recommendations but unwittingly prescribed opiates to deceitful patients. The DEA arbitrarily reversed that agreement.

Dr. David Joranson, head of the University of Wisconsin Group, says the "DEA's abrupt withdrawal of support for the [Guidelines] without consulting with coauthors about their concerns, raises questions about what advisory role, if any, the pain management community can expect to have with DEA." The agency's changes, he says, "are likely to interfere in medical practice and pain management."

His colleague, Dr. Russell Portenoy of Beth Israel Medical Center, told the Washington Post that the DEA has changed "the tone of the dialogue in a way that is very worrisome. We're seeing more of an emphasis on law enforcement and less on the legitimate use of prescription narcotics."

Over 30 million Americans suffer from chronic pain. Are we going to let them live in agony because of the misguided zealotry of federal prosecutors?

Common Sense for Drug Policy
www.CommonSenseDrugPolicy.org www.DrugWarFacts.org
Mike Gray, Chair; Robert Field, Co-Chair

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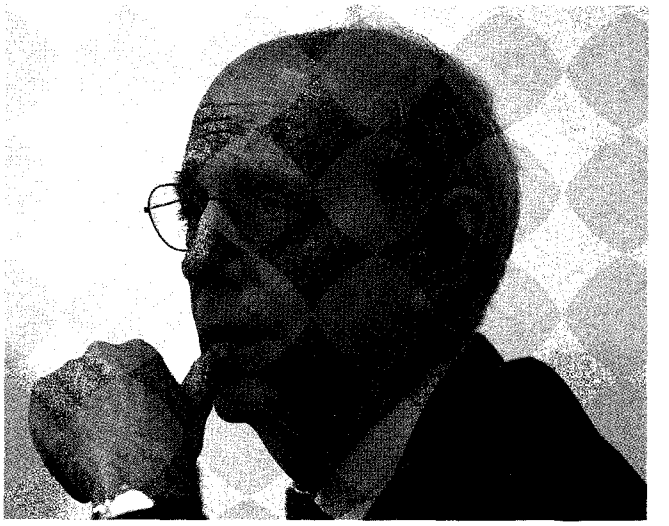
ual judges in the performance of their judicial duties."

Many federal district judges—most of whom are Republican, and many of whom are tough former prosecutors—view Congress's repeated assaults on judicial discretion as a form of legalized injustice that the country will come to regret. In 2003, John Martin, a federal judge in New York, wrote in *The New York Times* that "Congress's disdain for the judiciary" had prompted him to resign. And, in September 2004, Paul Cassell, a Nevada judge recently appointed by Bush, issued an anguished opinion in a drug case assailing the unfairness of the sentencing guidelines. Cassell, a conservative who made his name as the leading scholarly critic of the Supreme Court's decision requiring police officers to read suspects their Miranda rights, said he was appalled that the guidelines forced him to sentence a man who made three marijuana sales and was carrying guns to 55 years without parole. A drug kingpin, a terrorist, or a spy, he pointed out, all would have gotten lesser sentences under the guidelines. Questioning whether the sentence might be cruel and unusual punishment, Cassell called on Congress to reform guidelines that led to such "unjust, cruel, and even irrational" results.

Since Congress and the state legislatures remained unmoved by the judges' pleas for more discretion, judges began to take matters into their own hands. Beginning in 2000, an unusual alliance of five liberal and conservative justices on the Supreme Court (Scalia, Thomas, Stevens, Souter, and Ginsburg) began to suggest that the federal and state sentencing guidelines violated the Sixth Amendment right to trial by jury. According to these justices, the Constitution does not allow judges to increase sentences under the guidelines based on facts that had not been proved to a jury beyond reasonable doubt. This view was hard to reconcile with the original understanding of the Constitution, since juries have not traditionally played a large role in sentencing. But it was a creative demonstration of what, ironically enough, Scalia has denounced elsewhere as the "Mr. Fix-It Mentality," an attempt to restore some role for courts in setting sentences in the face of congressional assaults.

IF SENTENCING GUIDELINES are unconstitutional, what should replace them? After the Court struck down the state sentencing guidelines last year, states like Kansas responded by requiring juries to determine each fact that was used to enhance a sentence. Because it's hard to prove things to juries beyond reasonable doubt, defense attorneys hope these reforms will eventually lead to lower sentences or even jury nullification. And to require similar fact-finding by *federal* juries would be extremely disruptive: Between 2000 and 2004, there were more than 270,000 defendants sentenced in federal court, nearly all of whose cases are governed by the sentencing guidelines.

Breyer avoided this mess by persuading Ginsburg to make the federal sentencing guidelines advisory rather than binding. At the same time, he managed to liberate judges from the hated Feeney amendment. And he justified his unexpected remedy by claiming that Congress would have



Supreme Court Justice Stephen Breyer enabled a compromise that preserves federal sentencing guidelines by making them advisory rather than mandatory.

DENNIS BRACK, BLACK STAR/NEWSCOM

preferred it to the alternative, favored by the *Blakely* majority, of requiring juries rather than judges to take the lead in sentencing. On its face, Breyer's claim is open to question: Congress in 1984 explicitly considered and rejected optional sentencing guidelines. Nevertheless, Breyer's solution is arguably closer to the flexible spirit of the original sentencing guidelines than Scalia's similarly activist alternative. "I think Breyer got as close to possible to the guidelines as they should operate, and as he envisioned them operating, before the 1987 guidelines were imposed," says Douglas Berman, an Ohio State University law professor who runs an invaluable blog called Sentencing Law and Policy.

What happens next? According to congressional aides, there are two main options now being considered in Congress. The first is the worst—Congress could declare all-out war on the Court by passing even more crude and draconian mandatory minimum sentences to constrain judges who are, for the moment, unconstrained. This option, favored by House Republicans led by Judiciary Chairman James Sensenbrenner, as well as by the most conservative members of the Senate Judiciary Committee, such as Jeff Sessions and Jon Kyl, would infuriate judges and makes no policy sense.

Judges should consider it an act of God that Arlen Specter is now chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, as opposed to the judge-bashing Hatch. Although on a tight leash from the White House in light of his defense of *Roe* v. *Wade*, Specter has good relations with Senate Democrats and will do his best to resist the many ill-advised proposals to curtail judicial discretion that are percolating up from the House.

The second option is to do nothing and see how well judges do under voluntary guidelines. Is the wait-and-see alternative politically feasible? Maybe for a few months. Under the moderate leadership of Deputy Attorney General Christopher Wray, the Justice Department has made clear

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that it is willing to study the effects of the Supreme Court decision rather than demand immediate congressional action. But the judiciary's ability to preserve its unexpected victory depends on the restraint of judges themselves. Some activist judges might seize on their new power to impose whatever sentences they think are just and fair, and damn the consequences. This would be politically suicidal and would provoke Congress into paroxysms of judge-bashing retaliation.

A better response is embodied in an opinion issued by Cassell the day after the Supreme Court decision came down. In this case, Cassell imposed the same sentence under the new voluntary guidelines that he would have imposed under the old mandatory system. "In all future sentencing, the court will give heavy weight to the Guidelines in determining an appropriate sentence," Cassell wrote. "The court will only depart from those Guidelines in unusual cases for clearly identified and persuasive reasons." If other federal judges exercise their newfound discretion as wisely as Cassell did, perhaps Congress can finally be persuaded to trust judges enough to treat them like adults. And then, perhaps, judges will be freer to avoid the examples of legalized injustice that congressional posturing has forced them to impose. ■

Questions for the Vatican.

Hide and Seek

BY DANIEL JONAH GOLDHAGEN

THE LATEST SCANDAL to rock the Catholic Church, causing a storm in Italy and elsewhere, follows a familiar pattern: first the crime, then the cover-up. It concerns whether the Church kidnapped Jewish children after the Holocaust and has at its center, yet again, Pius XII, the pope that the Church appears determined to make into a saint despite his criminal role during the Holocaust and, we now learn, quite probably afterward. A Church document of October 23, 1946, recently disclosed in *Corriere della Sera*, contains papal orders for the French Church forbidding the return of entire classes of Jewish children entrusted to Church institutions during the Holocaust.

The authorship of the directive remains in question. It may have been written at the behest of Cardinal Angelo Roncalli, Pope Pius XII's representative in France (and later Pope John XXIII) to record instructions he had received from Rome. But the document emerged from the French Catholic Church's archives, and its authenticity, after some hedging, has been acknowledged by Church officials. It forbids all Jewish children (whose parents had been slaughtered) from being returned to Jewish institutions—which would obviously be in the best position to reunite them with relatives. It also contains the following general papal principle and policy: "If the [Jewish] children have been entrusted [to the Church] by their parents, and if the parents now claim them back, they can be returned, *provided the children themselves have not been baptized*. It should be noted that this decision of the Congregation of the Holy Office has been approved by the Holy Father" (emphasis added).

This document effectively lays out a Vatican policy of refusing to relinquish custody of various categories of Jewish children who were entrusted by their parents to Church institutions or individual Catholics for safekeeping during the Holocaust. By taking in Jewish children, these Catholics and Church bodies saved thousands of lives. But the document confirms the long-existing suspicions, grounded in postwar reports from Jewish organizations, that, however praiseworthy the Church and Catholics were for saving the lives of many Jewish children, the Church had a policy after the war of keeping Jewish children for itself. *The Forward* has printed the heartbreaking testimony of a man from Belgium who says the Church "took away my childhood": "With the complicity of Catholic and civil officials, my name was changed to Antoine Benoit and I went through a series of Catholic schools. At the same time, my uncle investigated about me and was told many lies, including that I had died." But his uncle persisted, finally succeeding in rescuing him after twelve years. Then there was the infamous case in France of Robert and Gerald Finaly. For eight years, the Church refused to relinquish them to their relatives (their parents were killed in Auschwitz). And, as *The New York Times* reported, a second French Church document has also been discovered: a letter from July 1946 to Roncalli from the grand rabbi of France and the head of the Jewish Central Consistory asking for help in retrieving 30 Jewish children. "Almost two years after the liberation of France, some Israelite children are still in non-Jewish institutions that refuse to give them back to Jewish charities." It is not known what happened to these children. Abraham Foxman, the head of the Anti-Defamation League, was similarly hidden from his parents (who survived the Holocaust and returned to Poland to claim him) by the Polish Catholic woman who had earlier saved him. Foxman now believes the woman was, through her priest, acting on the orders of the Vatican. He is convinced that "thousands" of Jews were kept by the Church after the war.

No one knows whether this is the case. But the chilling directive of Pope Pius XII points to what may have been a continental criminal conspiracy. Surely it necessitates an official and independent investigation so the truth comes to light. Surely this Church, which preaches repentance, must undertake a full program of repair toward its victims.

Daniel Jonah Goldhagen is author of A MORAL RECKONING: THE ROLE OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE HOLOCAUST AND ITS UNFULFILLED DUTY OF REPAIR *and* HITLER'S WILLING EXECUTIONERS: ORDINARY GERMANS AND THE HOLOCAUST.

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HOW HAS THE Church reacted? Officially, the Vatican and national Catholic churches are silent. But several unofficial defenders of the Church have weighed in: Their responses have been confused, contradictory, and uncertain. But certain patterns have emerged. They fail to express regret, much less remorse. Not a word of apology. No recognition that a Church policy of kidnapping baptized Jewish children wronged either the children or their parents—those who survived the Holocaust—and families. No repudiation of this cruel policy, no condemnation of Pius XII's imprimatur on it.

Instead they offer obfuscation and justification. The apologists try to exonerate the Church and Pius XII by saying that he and others did not understand the meaning of the Holocaust—a failure of empathy at most. The Canadian historian Michael Marrus, who has previously been indulgent of Pius XII and the Church, told the Associated Press, "What really rings true to me is the Church's failure to understand the Holocaust as a catastrophe that affected the Jewish people, as a people, and that certain consequences had to be drawn from this." Thomas Schmid, writing in *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, a newspaper that frequently supports the Church, wants us to believe that "the blindness of the monstrosity of the Holocaust" was so prevalent in the Church that it extended not just to Pius XII but also to Cardinal Roncalli. This is diversionary nonsense dished out for the gullible. It is not that Pius XII did not understand but that he understood only too well, having overseen a Church that actively supported the general persecution of the Jews short of mass murder and that, in Slovakia, even spearheaded the Jews' deportation to their deaths.

The apologists say—without evidence—that the policy of refusing to return Jewish children to their relatives wasn't really carried out, or that what is contained in the French document is not so bad. "Certainly there was a discussion about these issues, and norms were established in the Vatican, that is true," asserted Father Peter Gumpel, the priest in charge of Pius XII's beatification process. "But they were far more explicit and far clearer and far more benign." The Church's defenders say this while misleading the public about the directive's real contents. They say, without evidence, that few Jewish children were baptized—as if diminishing the number of victims alters the criminal nature of the policy. Or they pretend that the only children at issue are ones freely baptized by Jewish parents (as if any baptisms performed by desperate parents to save their children from extermination were freely chosen), which Foxman, in any case, proves is untrue. Or—relying selectively on an ambiguous and inconclusive Vatican document of September 28, 1946 (released only because of the brewing scandal)—they claim, as William Donohue, president of the Catholic League, has, that the Vatican policy was "the very opposite" of what the French directive ordered and what the Church was clearly doing in at least some cases.

But, most of all, the Church apologists' implicit, or ever more explicit, justification is that the sacrament of baptism gives the Church the right to take children forever from their Jewish parents. Says Father Peter Blet, the Church's whitewashing official chronicler of Pius XII's wartime activities: "On the basis of the canon law of that period, it was obligatory to provide a Catholic education"—which Jewish parents would not do—"to a person who had been baptized." Another apologist, the prominent German Church historian Gerhard Besier, published an article in *Die Welt* with the perverse headline: "THE CHURCH MAY NOT ABANDON ITS CHILDREN." By sleight of hand, the issue gets transformed. Jews are now trying to take away God's children, whom the Church is protecting.

The apologists say—as Pius XII biographer Philippe Chenaux did recently—that it is only our contemporary sensibilities that are offended, as if at the time the Church's practice was normal and acceptable. Or they say that it has always been the Church's practice to take baptized children for itself (as if to say, "What is the big deal if Pius XII ran roughshod over Holocaust victims and their children?"). Worse, some of the Church's defenders imply that the Church's baptismal policy, which they claim to be God's, is beyond criticism and gives the Church the right to separate Jewish parents and children permanently. In the words of Father Blet, the Church historian, to assert "the primacy of bonds of blood [over the Church's baptismal claim] may be racism." He says this in 2005.

These assertions—that it is only we today who are "shocked" by the Church's practice and that the Church was innocently doing what it had always done—are plain lies. In 1858, when Pope Pius IX refused to return the kidnapped "baptized" six-year-old Jewish child Edgardo Mortara to his Jewish parents, it led to European and American revulsion, vehement protests, and demonstrations; it contributed to the Church's loss of its temporal rule over much of Italy and weakened the Church enormously; it became one of the greatest international scandals of the nineteenth century. The Church's defenders know but avoid mentioning all of this. They also know that, during and after the Holocaust, Pius XII and others in the Church were well aware that the world would condemn as cruel a policy that further systematically victimizes Holocaust survivors and that might produce 1,000 Mortaras. That is why Pius XII and the Church to this day kept all this secret. The Church's defenders never mention, when justifying Pius XII's policy as being faithful to the Church's "traditions" and institutional code, that these practices were, according to civil law, a crime.

We do not know the extent to which this Papal kidnapping policy was implemented. That is why there must be a complete investigation of the facts by an independent, international commission with full access to Vatican and European national Church records and archives, led by an eminent person and staffed by knowledgeable researchers, similar to the Bergier Commission, which finally got to the bottom of the Swiss gold and bank scandal. If the Church's

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apologists are right in any of their claims, the investigation could show this definitively. Yet my call for such an investigation was attacked by Father Giovanni Sale in *Avvenire*, the newspaper owned by the Episcopal conference in Italy, as a "provocation" against the authority of the Church beyond reasonableness and good sense. The Church does not want us to know whether it kept dozens, hundreds, or more Jewish children. The Church's conspicuous failure to address the known kidnapping cases, including Foxman's, is indicative and self-indicting. In the perverse world of Church apologists, it is far more disturbing that people want the truth to come out about the Church's kidnapping policy than that the Church had such a policy. Cardinal Georges Cottier, theologian of the Pontifical Household, declared that "the search for the historical truth is not helped by fueling controversies and suspicions." He appears to prefer the Church's veil of secrecy to what he terms the current "disagreeable episode." The historian Giorgio Rumi speaks of an "anti-Catholic inquisition."

IN LIGHT OF these twin scandals—the Church's policy and practice of kidnapping, and then the Church's representatives' stonewalling and justifications of this cruel policy—four sets of questions demand answers:

When and why did the Pope "approve" or order the kidnapping policy? To the extent it was implemented, who was responsible for doing so? How many children did the Church keep after the war? What happened to them? And why is the Church today not notifying them and their families of what it did to them?

Second, why have the Vatican and national European Catholic churches not yet unequivocally repudiated this principle and practice of keeping Jewish children as immoral and a grave violation (if it is) of Catholic doctrine?

Third, the Church's refusal to repudiate Pius XII's kidnapping policy—grounded in the sacrament of baptism, which has not changed—has disturbing implications. Where else since World War II has the Church pursued a policy of taking children from their parents? Is the Church practicing this policy anywhere in the world today, including in developing countries, where the Church remains a powerful institution and destitute people have few legal and political protections? If not, then let the Vatican say so explicitly and condemn the underlying principle.

If the Church has abandoned this historic practice reaffirmed 60 years ago by Pius XII, when exactly did it change this policy? (Some unattributed hint to the *Times* that this criminal policy was "relaxed"—whatever that might mean—at some unspecified time in the 1960s is hardly adequate or convincing.)

Finally, why does the Church wish to justify and sanctify this policy and this man? What kinds of crimes and moral transgressions would finally be sufficient for this Church not to sanctify this pope? Is systematically spreading hatred and bigotry against a people while they are being persecuted and slaughtered not enough? Is approving Nazified race laws persecuting an entire people not enough? Is failing to command bishops and priests subject to his absolute authority not to participate in the deportations of tens of thousands of people to their deaths not enough? Is ordering a policy of kidnapping children—and from people who had been through the Nazi hell to boot—not enough? Then let the Church say what would be enough.

Putting the claims of the Church, the protection of its self-image as unfailingly holy, before the rights and well-being of children, echoes its initial reaction to the priestly sex abuse scandal. In that case—after immense public outcry, pressure, and legal action—the American Catholic Church finally came clean by commissioning investigations and condemning the crimes it had once concealed, tolerated, and, in practice, abetted. The Catholic Church must similarly be held accountable for the kidnapping of Jewish children. Or does this particular Church in the twenty-first century still believe it alone is above the law of civilized societies, which holds that parents' and children's rights supersede any imperial religious claim to take possession of powerless small bodies and souls? ■

Niger Delta Dispatch

Road to Hell

BY PETER MAASS

A CHEERY SIGN at the waterfront of Elem Sangama says SEA SIDE LANE, and, on first glance, the village seems a bright spot in the otherwise unpleasant Niger Delta. In addition to its paved walkways, Sangama has a health clinic and a water tower, rarities for villages in Nigeria, where poverty has all the subtlety of an equatorial downpour.

Sangama's appearance of well-being is due to the generosity of its giant neighbor, the Shell Petroleum Development Company of Nigeria, which operates a natural gas plant a few miles away. Shell paid for the village's civic improvements. Yet Sangama is an example of what happens when good intentions, or good p.r., go bad. As I learned during a visit in October, the health clinic has never operated because, villagers say, Shell opted against paying for any medicines or doctors. The water tower has not distributed a drop of anything because Shell did not dig a well or connect it to the water system at its plant. Even the waterfront sign is a fib—Sangama sits along a creek, not a sea.

According to villagers, Shell decided its job was done

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when it finished construction; the government would have to take care of the rest. The government, to the surprise of no one, said it had no money to help out; Nigerian officials rank among the most corrupt in the world. When I mentioned to a village leader that oil executives had told me they should not be held responsible for the sins of a kleptocracy, he replied, "But did you ask if it is their responsibility to take our resources?" A highly developed sense of irony, it appears, is all Sangama has gained from its encounter with corporate generosity.

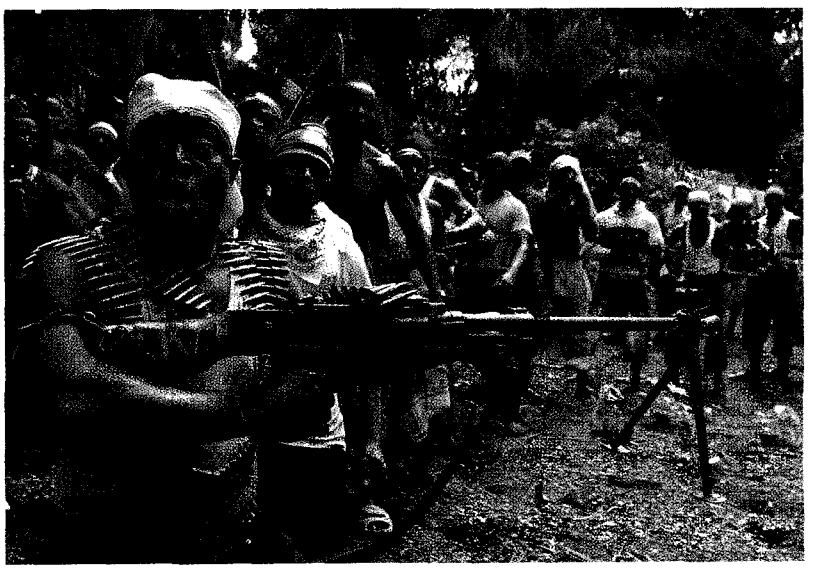
Sangama is hardly alone. In the past decade, Shell has ramped up its social spending in response to criticism that it profits while Nigerians suffer. Its efforts are in step with other oil companies, and their good works are not confined to Nigeria. Across the globe, "corporate social responsibility" has become a mantra of multinationals accused of despoiling the planet and exploiting poverty or, at the least, being insensitive to the misery that coincides with their profitable operations. The timing is not arbitrary—boycotts, or the threat of them, have jolted Nike and Shell, among other global brands. But in Nigeria, from which multinationals extract more oil than any other African country, even expatriate executives admit their social programs have minimal impact. The cycle can even be disastrous: The oil companies funnel some of their good-works money through the corrupt Nigerian government, watch as much of the cash is wasted, and then use the waste—a common problem throughout the developing world—to justify stinginess in new spending. So, after nearly a decade of intensified efforts to be good corporate citizens, the oil companies are realizing something their shareholders in America and Europe don't: Their money isn't doing much good in Nigeria.

IT IS CUSTOMARY for environmentalists and human rights activists to berate multinationals, but it is less customary for multinationals to berate themselves. In 2003, Royal Dutch/Shell assembled a scathing internal report examining the company's role in the oil-rich and violence-rich Niger Delta. The report, which was leaked last year but virtually ignored by the U.S. media (even though Nigeria is a key oil supplier to America), said, "[T]he manner in which [Shell] operates and its staff behaves creates, feeds into, or exacerbates conflict" in the Delta, where fighting kills 1,000 Nigerians a year. "[Shell] is an integral part of the Niger Delta conflict environment. ... The cumulative effect of [its] practices is a perception amongst communities that they cannot engage with [Shell] other than through forceful or obstructive actions." Finally, it warned that, unless swift action is taken to tamp down violence in the Delta, Shell would be forced to abandon its onshore operations by 2008.

How does a multinational that portrays itself as a force for good and has an interest in behaving well become, by its own admission, part of the problem? Unfortunately, Shell is trapped in a vortex it helped create. The report documented a panoply of practices that local human rights activists had decried for years, including the deployment of abuse-prone police and army units to protect Shell facilities and staff. Shell has also been stingy in compensating locals. The report said the sums paid for destruction of trees, crops, or buildings are less than market prices and do not take into consideration long-term consequences, such as the income lost.

It also noted that Shell fueled conflicts by allotting contracts, resources, or compensation to community leaders who shared little with their communities, thereby sparking divisions within them. A Shell executive told me that, when his firm gave several fishing boats to a village chief, the chief promptly sold the boats for cash. And, even if leaders share with their villages, adjacent communities can turn on their enriched neighbors. A ChevronTexaco executive told me that a clinic his firm built in the Niger Delta was torched by nearby villagers jealous that they had been passed over. The clinic was rebuilt and, again, burned down. "It's very difficult for private sector to replace government," the executive sighed. "It's not our role."

Indeed, oil executives who work in Nigeria are far less boastful about their nation-building efforts than the p.r. departments at their corporate headquarters in Houston or London; it can seem that, for every $1 spent on good works in the developing world, $2 are spent publicizing it in the developed world. A day after I visited Elem Sangama, I was in the Nigerian commercial capital, Lagos, in the top-floor office of Chris Finlayson, chairman of Shell Nigeria. Finlayson, who previously worked in the troubled Nigerian oil town of Warri, seemed fed up with expectations that Shell



In September, Shell closed a pumping station in the Niger Delta after rebels threatened "all out war on the Nigerian state" and advised foreign oil workers to leave. An internal Shell report notes that the company's conduct "exacerbates conflict" in the Delta.

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could fill the vacuum created by Nigeria's corrupt government. "We should be socially responsible," he began, "but I should not be deciding whether this village or that village has a greater right to a school. That is social planning. That is the very essence of what government should be doing."

Of course, Nigeria is not Norway. In annual rankings by Transparency International, the graft-watching organization, Nigeria usually comes in as one of the most corrupt nations on earth. In 1999, newly elected Nigerian President Olesegun Obasanjo set up the Niger Delta Development Commission (NDDC) to oversee projects in the region. As a new organization, it was supposed to be cleaner than older ones, but, like every other government organ, it is nonetheless viewed as grossly inefficient.

Yet Shell chooses to funnel much of its development money through the government, when it could do so via local nongovernmental groups—or through its own offices. That is hard work, of course; coaxing crude from the center of the Earth is easier, in some respects, than operating a health clinic in the Niger Delta. In 2003, the latest year for which numbers are available, Shell Nigeria gave $54 million to the NDDC and spent only $30 million on development programs of its own. By funneling even their development funds through a government agency, oil companies like Shell do little to diminish the notion, held by many Nigerians, that they are accomplices of a regime that cheats, steals, and kills. After all, a key complaint of ordinary Nigerians is not that their oil is being extracted by foreign companies but that the revenue—generally estimated at about $300 billion since the 1970s—was paid to the government without any pressure for accountability. Year after year, Shell, Exxon, and other firms paid billions in royalties and taxes, and, year after year, they looked away as those billions were stolen or wasted by politicians and bureaucrats. As a result, in the Niger Delta, oil workers travel through the creeks with army or police escorts, and senior executives rarely venture off the well-secured grounds of the facilities they visit by helicopter.

And, when development projects fail, as they often do, oil companies like Shell throw up their hands and scale back whatever hopes they might have had for doing more. In its latest annual report on social-responsibility spending, Shell's self-disclosed failures for 2003 included the building of a health center that was not, in fact, built; and the completion of a neonatal ward that could not be used because it was not connected to a source of electricity. (The report did not mention the clinic and water tower at Elem Sangama because they were built, and abandoned, several years ago.) The report included an audit by KPMG of Shell's development strategy; KPMG said that, due to unreliable information from Shell, it could not render a verdict. Finlayson himself noted to me that Shell's outlays for development, which totaled $84 million in 2003, are "a drop in the ocean" compared with the $1.8 billion in royalties and taxes it paid to the government. Not surprisingly, nearly a decade after Shell started "community assistance" projects in the Delta—which were ultimately rebranded into "sustained community development"—the oil industry has little to show for its labors there, except a new local rebellion led by an ethnic Ijaw militant, Asari Dokubo, whose fighters believe their talismans will stop bullets from piercing their skin.

I drove from Finlayson's office, in the heart of Victoria Island, Lagos's commercial center, to the campus-like headquarters of ChevronTexaco, a short distance away. The city's normally abysmal traffic was not as bad as expected, so I arrived earlier than planned. That was fortunate, because the main entrance to the complex was blocked by protesters who had thrown oil on the ground and strung fishing nets over turnstiles as they sang songs with lyrics like, "We have suffered enough in the hands of Chevron / And we cannot continue to suffer like this." The protestors told me they had come to Lagos from fishing villages around Ilaje, several hundred miles away, to protest two oil spills that had fouled their waters. One of their leaders handed me a letter that said, if compensation was not awarded, "We will have no option than to go into practical war against ChevronTexaco." The letter was signed by two-dozen chiefs and princes from Ilaje.

Because such demonstrations are now routine in Nigeria, Chevron's operations were not interrupted and I was able to proceed to my interview with Chuck Taylor, general manager of Chevron's joint venture with the Nigerian government. Taylor welcomed me into his sparse office and said the firm had not yet granted compensation to Ilaje because an investigation was underway to determine whether the spill was its fault. The company's caution was understandable, to a degree—the oil could have come from a passing tanker or been the result of a botched attempt by smugglers to siphon oil. But, from the perspective of the villagers, the oil company most likely responsible for their misery was stonewalling, again.

In 2003, Chevron issued its first "corporate responsibility report," which outlined its worldwide social, economic, and environmental programs. This was seen as a new embrace of the credo of social responsibility and was released with suitable fanfare. But the firm seemed to take a step back in 2004 by merely releasing an update rather than a new report. So I asked Taylor why Chevron, in response to the near-collapse of government activity in the Niger Delta, did not devote far greater funds to community development—to do what the government is not doing and, along the way, to make more friends. "We have a responsibility as a corporate citizen to ensure that communities in which we operate benefit from our presence, or at least are not damaged by our presence," he said. "It is not, however, the role of an oil company to provide the basic fundamentals that are required for communities to thrive. It is not our mission as a corporation. It is not our identity as a corporation." That is a clear message, but don't expect to hear it during a commercial break at the Super Bowl. ■

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Bredesen in 2008?

Southern Man

BY CLAY RISEN

TRAP-SHOOTING RARELY qualifies a candidate for public office, but, in 2002, it helped decide the Tennessee governor's race. Sometime that summer, a range owner in eastern Tennessee got wind that both candidates—former Nashville Mayor Phil Bredesen, a Democrat, and Representative Van Hilleary, a Republican—were avid hunters. As a way to bring his range a little publicity, he challenged the candidates to what he called the Great Tennessee Trap Shoot, to be held over the Labor Day weekend. A souped-up version of skeet, trap involves shotgunning clay pigeons from a variety of positions as they hurtle through the air. In other words, the shootout wouldn't be your typical election season meet-and-greet. In fact, it is hard to imagine why a candidate would actually *agree* to such a contest—who wants to be publicly bested by his opponent over something as tricky, and as trifling, as trap-shooting? But Bredesen agreed immediately; after all, he told me recently, "I was a reasonably good hunting wing [bird] shot, and that was something you couldn't learn in a day. And so it would help me with the NRA." On the morning of the event, however, Hilleary was nowhere to be found. His campaign insisted he had already committed to a fund-raising picnic, but the event in question didn't take place until the afternoon, leaving Hilleary enough time to do both. Bredesen showed up anyway, soaking in the free publicity and getting in a good round of trap—while his surrogates had a free-for-all with the Republican's misstep. "Van talks a big game about being a sportsman," Bredesen's campaign adviser, Dave Cooley, told the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*. "But ducking out of this event proves he's more comfortable taking political shots at Phil from his Washington, D.C., office."

MATT COLLINS

There are other reasons why Bredesen wound up winning the race. He had been a popular two-term mayor; the outgoing governor, Don Sundquist, was an unpopular Republican; and Hilleary ran a poor campaign. But, in the end, Bredesen won for many of the reasons crystallized by the Great Tennessee Trap Shoot: his unabashed self-confidence; his down-home, red-meat appeal; and his ability to morph from easygoing outdoorsman to skilled politician when the opportunity arises. These qualities—as well as his aggressive efforts to cut the state's deficit and rein in TennCare, its fiscally draining Medicaid supplement—also explain why, since taking office, he has achieved stratospheric approval ratings. According to pollsters at Middle Tennessee State University, his ratings have hovered between 63 and 72 percent—among both Republicans and Democrats. "People just like him because of his style," says Pete Sain, a friend of Bredesen who owns a construction company in Manchester, Tennessee. "I've got some close, die-hard Republican friends, and they feel like his approach is needed." He is, by some accounts, the most popular governor in state history.

Clearly, Bredesen has figured out something about Southern politics that many national Democrats have missed, which is why a growing number of them are looking to his career as a model for how to win in the region. And, at first glance, he does appear to be the perfect test case for those on the left trying to "figure out" the South. Not only is he liberal, he is not even Southern—he was raised in New York and educated at Harvard. The problem, however, is that, while Bredesen has proved himself an able politician with a bright future, his success will be hard for others to replicate. Not only is Tennessee a political anomaly—a moderate state in an often immoderate region—but, over the last decade, the entire South, Tennessee included, has been falling further into partisan extremism and cultural conservatism. Largely by appealing to Christian conserva-

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tives, Republicans have won the last ten open-seat Senate races in the region, and they hold a 40-seat lead over Democrats in the House's Southern delegation. A recent analysis of Southern voting patterns by the *Los Angeles Times* concluded that, "under Bush, the GOP is solidifying its hold not just on Southern white conservatives but white moderates as well," with more people willing to vote straight-ticket. Democrats used to refer to their hold on the region as the "Solid South," and "Republican" used to be a grave insult. These days, you scorn your enemies with "Democrat."

But Bredesen, thanks to a unique blend of personality and political skill, has defied such attacks, and, in so doing, has positioned himself as a potential White House candidate in 2008. Earlier this month, he gave the keynote address at the Democratic National Committee (DNC) regional caucus, and he has quietly begun laying the groundwork for a possible presidential bid. Given his background, Bredesen is the last person you would expect to find shooting trap on an East Tennessee farm or leading an increasingly red state. And yet there he is. Now some Democrats are beginning to think Bredesen is exactly the sort of person they want to see leading the party in 2008.

NASHVILLE HAS CHANGED a lot since Bredesen first ran for office there in 1987. Today, it is a bustling New South metropolis, having added some 250,000 people, an NFL team, and a 3,000-employee Dell plant over the last decade. A new symphony hall is going up just south of Broadway, a few blocks from the soon-to-be-built baseball stadium and in a neighborhood that, 20 years ago, was a seedy district of empty warehouses and strip bars. Part of Nashville's problem back then was a clique of hidebound conservative and urban Democrats who were heavily invested—politically and financially—in keeping the city a sleepy backwater. Many of those politicians came out for the 1987 mayoral race, and so did a former health care executive and political novice named Phil Bredesen. "Nashville in 1987, although it was beginning to change, hadn't yet," says Tam Gordon, a former political reporter who now works in Bredesen's office. "And suddenly, there's this name. He had a lot of nerve."

Those who knew Bredesen respected him for his business acumen. After graduating with a physics degree, he spent several years as a computer programmer in Boston before moving to Nashville in 1975. In 1980 he launched a health care management outfit from a computer in his den; when he sold it six years later, it was a $700-million-a-year, New York Stock Exchange–listed operation. But Bredesen's wealth and Northern roots proved a liability in what was still a quiet Southern town, and his opponents effectively labeled him a carpetbagger. The attacks caught Bredesen off guard, in large part because his advisers were mostly businessmen, not politicos. "That campaign had almost nobody who had any political experience," says Byron Trauger, a longtime Bredesen adviser. Bredesen tried to ignore the taunts, pushing the focus back toward issues like a proposal to allow pari-mutuel betting in the state. "He was wide-eyed and somewhat awkward," Gordon says. "He was very focused on what he wanted to say and what he wanted to do and what he thought"—a fact Bredesen himself readily concedes. "I would go into things like giving a speech back in 1987, and I would think through the issues really carefully, but what I didn't understand was, that's not the basis on which people select you."

Needless to say, Bredesen is not a natural politician. He lacks the offhand charm of John Edwards and the backslapping verve of Bill Richardson. His stocky build and sandy blond hair betray his Scandinavian heritage, as does his reticence when it comes to self-promotion—a decidedly negative quality in Southern politics. "I'm a very quiet guy," he says from behind his massive desk in the governor's office. "I grew up in a family in which the strong, silent type was upheld." Trauger recalls walking with Bredesen in downtown Nashville just after that first mayoral race. "Several people, as we walked along, spoke to him, and he turned to me and said, 'I'm surprised that people want to talk to me.' And I said, 'Phil, we just spent a million trying to get them to *want* to come talk to you!' " Despite his bashful wonkiness, Bredesen still did well enough to make it to the run-off, though he was soundly defeated by U.S. Representative Bill Boner a few weeks later.

Early the next year, Bredesen ran for Boner's empty congressional seat, but was again beaten. At that point, a lot of people would have given up on politics. But not Bredesen—for him, it was merely a problem to solve. "One of the keys to Phil as a person, as well as a political figure, is that he is eager to learn," notes Trauger. Five years ago, Bedesen learned to paint, and, in 2004, he designed the state Christmas card. When he wanted a canoe, he learned to build one—from scratch. That massive desk in his office? He designed it himself. It's this sort of drive that, in the late '80s, kept Bredesen in the city's limelight. "He consciously learned the city more than he had," Trauger says. As a member of the symphony board, he helped solve a musician labor dispute; he founded a nonprofit that collected surplus food for needy Nashvillians; and, all the while, he was touring small businesses and talking to civic groups. One speech, Trauger recalls, began with a whole line of thank yous: " 'Thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you,' in big, bold type so he would remember that he needed to be thanking people." Bredesen learned quickly, and, in 1991, he swept the mayor's race with 70 percent. (It helped that Boner's mayoralty was plagued by scandal, including his engagement, while still married, to a lounge singer named Traci Peel.)

IF BREDESEN WAS the right man for the job, he was also in the right place at the right time. Historically, Tennessee has been a political anomaly, home to both the South's oldest Republican base and a stable, moderate liberalism. From 1900 to 1950, Republicans won only 80 of 2,565 House races across the entire South; 50 of those

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came from two East Tennessee districts. These Republicans infused state politics with a bipartisanship unseen in its neighbors, and, after Barry Goldwater made voting Republican more acceptable in the South, provided its first GOP senators and governors. As a result, Tennessee's modern Republican leadership—such as Senator Howard Baker and Governor (now Senator) Lamar Alexander—has been much more moderate than that of surrounding states. Baker, for example, broke ranks to support Jimmy Carter's Panama Canal treaty and was one of the few Republicans who sought votes among African Americans. Tennessee liberals flourished as well: Cordell Hull, born in a small Middle Tennessee town, went on to be a Roosevelt brain-truster, and, for his role in creating the United Nations, a Nobel Peace Prize–winner, while Senator Estes Kefauver ran for the White House with Adlai Stevenson. Kefauver, alongside his fellow Democratic Senator Al Gore Sr., was one of the few Southern legislators to reject the Southern Manifesto, a document opposing the Supreme Court's *Brown* v. *Board of Education* decision.

Just as Tennessee was the most moderate state in the South, Nashville was the most moderate city in the state. While it may have gone quiet by the time Bredesen arrived on the political scene, the city had boomed during the postwar period, attracting migrants from around the country and developing a reasonably tolerant social structure. It also helped that the city is home to a number of large universities; in addition to Vanderbilt, three major state universities lie within an hour of downtown Nashville. "Nashville is, as southern cities go, a pretty open environment," says Phil Ashford, who worked for Bredesen in the mayor's office. "I can remember going to some conference in Birmingham, and [former Alabama Governor] Guy Hunt was introducing people, and he said, 'Now don't get mad just 'cause these guys are Yankees,' and I thought, 'You'd never hear that in Nashville!' So it helped for Bredesen that he came into such an environment."

It was in the mayor's office that Bredesen developed the other half of his political persona, that of a supercompetent, growth-oriented technocrat. During his two terms, he built an arena, a football stadium, a new central library, and a Dell computer plant. Though he had never been to an NFL game in his life, Bredesen relentlessly pursued league franchises as an economic catalyst. After he convinced Bud Adams and the Houston Oilers to move to Nashville, newspapers across the country were filled with glowing features on the city and, increasingly, on its successful mayor. In 1996, *Newsweek* named him to its list of "25 mayors to watch." This publicity, in turn, helped fuel Nashville's economic growth, attracting businesses and highly skilled workers from around the country. By the time he left office in 1999, Bredesen had fundamentally altered Nashville's economy and culture. No longer a moribund town ruled by old-money gentry, Bredesen had made it one of the region's most dynamic cities. And he soon began laying plans to do the same thing statewide.

BREDESEN LEARNED EARLY on that statewide respect is different from statewide popularity—after all, rural Tennesseans are as wary of Nashville politicians as Nashvillians once were of Northern businessmen. In fact, no Nashville mayor had won the governorship since World War II. In 1994, Bredesen ran unsuccessfully for governor. He lost in part because he made the same mistake he had made in his 1987 mayoral run, emphasizing those technocratic skills that had made him a good mayor rather than the engaged everyman image that had gotten him into office in the first place. "He didn't have a real clear message about what he really wanted to do, and he was not willing to articulate one," Ashford says.

So, when Bredesen ran again in 2002, he changed tactics, turning to veteran state political consultants like Cooley (later his deputy in the governor's office) and the well-connected fund-raiser Johnny Hayes. With their help, he crafted a two-step campaign that focused first on biography, then the issues. He began not with a barrage of ads touting his economic achievements, but a long series of chili dinners and coffee stops in small-town diners, always highlighting his rural upbringing, something he had been wary of discussing before. Sure, I'm from the North, he told some 1,600 audiences during the campaign. But, like many of you, I grew up in a tiny town—Shortsville, New York, just north of the Finger Lakes and 100 miles from nothing. And sure, I'm rich now, but I grew up poor; my father moved away when I was young, and my grandmother, who lived with us, had to take in sewing to help keep us afloat. And, yes, I went to Harvard—but on a scholarship. That company I made millions on? I started it from scratch. "He always went back to the notion of, 'I'm like you guys. I'm not this guy from Harvard. I grew up in Shortsville,' " Ashford says. "That doesn't make people feel he's just another good ol' boy, but it does make someone who's uneasy with him because of his wealth and education look at him and say, 'Yeah, I like him.' " And, while this folksy demeanor didn't come naturally to Bredesen, his friends say he took to it readily. Stryker Warren, a Nashville executive, recalls going with him a few years ago to Home Depot for some building supplies. "We went in his pickup truck, with no security, looking like the average guy who needs something on a Saturday afternoon. And he'd stop and speak to people, take time for anyone who wanted to chat with him." So, when Hilleary tried to paint Bredesen as, according to the *Tennessean*, "a millionaire outsider who did not share the values of hard-working Tennesseans," rural voters knew better. In 1994, he won only 19 of Tennessee's 89 rural counties; this time he netted 50, including many in and around Hilleary's district.

To be sure, Bredesen wasn't just playing the good ol' boy manqué—he talked issues as well. But, what he realized is that, in the South, people won't listen to you on the issues until they are comfortable with you as a person. Or, as Brunson puts it, "Southern voters go through a two-step process. The first is a credentialing filter, which asks if a candidate

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shares their values. The second is on issues—education, health care, the economy. Bredesen understands you have to go through step one before you even start step two."

Bredesen actively appealed to Republican politicians and voters as well. "Here was a man who was willing to call Republican leaders in a county and say, 'You may not vote for me, but I'd like to pick your brain and share ideas,' " says his 2002 campaign manager, Stuart Brunson. It paid off: Bredesen brought in $22,000 from the Frist family, perhaps the state's leading GOP clan (Senator Bill Frist did not contribute). Even Ted Welch, a Bush "pioneer" and a Republican heavyweight, has nothing but praise for Bredesen. "I admire him," he says. "He will consider both sides and then pull the trigger."

Bredesen's ability to play both the number-cruncher and the small-town boy done good explains his high approval ratings, numbers he has achieved even while embarking on a decidedly unglamorous agenda, cutting the deficit and tackling TennCare. In fact, he seems to be so well-liked that voters trust him to make the right decision, regardless of whether they like the results. When, earlier this month, he announced that he would cut more than 300,000 enrollees from TennCare, people across the state expressed concern, but many of them also told reporters that they believed the governor when he said it was the only solution to the state's budget crunch. Bredesen's success, then, lies in his ability both to govern effectively and communicate his decisions to the public via a political persona that appeals to rural voters. "He has a style that wears well whether in a packed auditorium, with TV lights on him, or in a small town-hall meeting," says Warren, who, although a Republican, has supported Bredesen since his 1987 race. "He has convinced an inordinate number of Republicans that he will do what is right, even if it's not popular or along party lines."

CAN BREDESEN TRANSLATE his success in Tennessee to the national scene? In some ways, he already has. He dominated the recent DNC regional caucus in Atlanta; not only did he deliver the keynote address—in which he excoriated national Democrats for not pursuing Southern voters—but he later interviewed each of the candidates for the DNC chairmanship individually. Along with John Edwards and Virginia Governor Mark Warner, Bredesen is often mentioned as a potential Democratic presidential candidate who could do well in Dixie. That has given Bredesen plenty of cachet in a party desperate to win beyond its blue-state base. And, while he remains publicly noncommittal about a bid for the presidency in 2008, Bredesen has quietly been reaching out through his surrogates to potential allies in the event he decides to run. When I asked him what he thought of his name popping up as a potential candidate, he cagily replied, "The people who have the opportunities are the ones who put their heads down and do the best job they can at the job at hand, and that produces the kinds of opportunities that people who put their heads up don't have."

Perhaps what makes Bredesen most unique as a political figure is that he came of age during what may, in retrospect, have been a fleeting moment in Southern politics: the generation or so between the late '60s and the mid-'90s, between the decline of the hidebound Democratic machines and the rise of the right-wing conservatives. This increasing conservatism has even enveloped the historically moderate Tennessee electorate. Predictably, Tennessee tilted to Bush in November. But the surprise came in exit polls showing that 46 percent of voters considered themselves conservative, up from 35 percent just four years ago—a drastic departure from the state's once-solid three-way split between conservatives, liberals, and independents. "We're at the end of a long transition in South Carolina, Mississippi, and Alabama, but it's less than complete in Tennessee," says Vanderbilt History Professor David Carlton. "But it's trending that way. The short-term outlook for southern Democrats is pretty bleak." Tennessee Republicans are already pledging to turn the next legislative session into a referendum on cultural issues, announcing a renewed push for a gay marriage amendment and bills to restrict abortion access—even while Bredesen and other Democrats try to keep the state focused on health care, jobs, and education.

But, even if the Republicans continue to make gains in Tennessee, Bredesen's own political future doesn't seem much in doubt. His approval ratings are so high that few Republicans are even discussing the 2006 gubernatorial race. And he seems unconcerned about the GOP's planned offensive on cultural issues. "That's just the noise of politics," he tells me. "I'm perfectly capable of keeping [cultural conservatives] somewhat at bay. I tell people, 'If you want to go do that, fine. If you think your playing a game is going to elect you or elect the next president out of Tennessee, you're welcome to try and do that. Now, when you're finished messing around with that, let's sit down and talk about what we've got to do about the state of education.' I think I'll just keep doing that, and that we'll be successful."

Indeed, Bredesen owes his political survival to his unique ability to win on pocketbook issues, such as health care and education, among voters who otherwise rely more and more on cultural conservatives to represent their interests. It's an ability that, should he decide to run for president, would allow him to attract swaths of economically challenged rural voters in places like Virginia and North Carolina, the very voters who commentators say should be prime Democratic constituents but who nevertheless repeatedly pull the lever for GOP candidates. Toward the end of our conversation, I ask the governor what sort of Democrat could win in the South. "You have to have some clarity of vision about why a Democrat should be elected that goes beyond anything we achieved in the last election," he says, leaning back in his chair. "There are a lot of people who would respond to a Democratic candidate, but that someone's got to articulate a vision." For those wondering just what such a candidate would look like, a visit to the Tennessee governor's office might be in order. ■

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

The Two Motives

ALL FILMS BELONG IN ONE or the other of two groups. (Fiction films, that is, not documentaries.) The first group is manufacture, concoctions for the marketplace. The second group is committed work, films that are made because the subject is the concern of the maker. Occasionally a film blends the two kinds, or seems to, but the schism stands. Two new films exemplify.

IN GOOD COMPANY (Universal)

HEAD-ON (Strand)

IN GOOD COMPANY is manufactured. It began with a bright twist. Hollywood is the Valhalla of the twist, the place where anyone who can supply a new angle on a familiar story is a hero. Enter Paul Weitz, a relative newcomer, now the latest hero. He came up with a fresh twist, fashioned a serviceable screenplay out of it, and directed the film with as much sincerity as the story could sustain. When manufacture is good, as it is here, everyone beams, including us.

Dan Foreman is an advertising salesman of fifty-one, working for a company that is part of a global conglomerate. A high-level merger shakes the organization of his office, and Carter Duryea, who is twenty-six, becomes his boss. Quite separately (the twist!), with no connection to the office situation, Carter and Alex, Dan's eighteen-year-old daughter, become acquainted and are soon pleasantly involved. The affair blossoms until Dan accidentally discovers it—and Carter discovers that Alex's father is Dan while Alex discovers that Carter is her father's boss. Dan is outraged, fallaciously believing that Carter is exploiting his power over him to make out with his daughter and that Alex is obliging in order to protect her father. Matters proceed unpredictably.

Weitz's dialogue has sparkle and snap, crammed with the one-liners that always prevail in smart offices—in films. Weitz also etches in some sharp satire about fake but mouthy business ethics. One sequence deals with the visit of the Grand Panjandrum of the whole conglomerate, in which, after a theatrical introduction, he provides a clump of words that sound large and mean nothing—the sort of sound bite we are used to from politicians.

The three principal actors are so likable that we gradually become grateful for the film that lets us spend two hours with them. Topher Grace plays Carter, and, for the sake of the picture, we accept that a global outfit would have given this youth such a big job. Grace is not yet in the Jimmy Stewart class, but that's the intent of the role, comic intelligent naïveté. Scarlett Johansson charms again. As the young wife in *Lost in Translation* and Vermeer's model in *Girl With a Pearl Earring*, she was unaggressively seductive. At first glance in both those films, she seemed to be apt enough but routine. She quickly developed attractively in both roles, with a glow of privacy made available and endearing. It happens again in this film. Swallow once or twice to accept that Johansson is, according to the script, eighteen, and her endearingly imperfect face becomes lovely. It happens from within.

The warmest discovery is the renascence of Dennis Quaid, who plays Dan. Quaid has been making films since 1975, a pleasing presence in a number of easy-going, moderately sexy roles, rarely commanding special attention. Now that he is in his fifties, Quaid has metamorphosed into another man. His heavily creased face is emblematic of experiences that have creased his insides. He makes Dan humorous, vulnerable, ultimately strong, convincing us not so much of courage as of desperation—his whole life would have been wasted if he did not refuse certain matters. Admittedly the reference is far-fetched, but I haven't liked a creased male face as much as Quaid's since W. H. Auden's.

Few would believe that Weitz wrote and directed this picture because he seethed with disgust at mercantile civilization. *In Good Company*, fitting its milieu, is itself a mercantile venture. The only relevant question is whether it entertains, and it does.

On the other hand, HEAD-ON burns with sincerity and serious intent. It is the third feature written and directed by Fatih Akin, who was born in Germany of Turkish parents, and its subject is Turks in Germany. The dialogue is in both Turkish and German with a few snatches of English. The chief setting is Hamburg, where Akin was born in 1973. Cinematically, however, he is the child of early Godard and of all those directors who have preceded him in this lineage. Intensity, disregard of narrative tailoring, jump cuts, nonchalant disorder are for Akin signets of his characters' lives and prospects.

Cahit, one of those characters, is a young Turkish drifter in Hamburg who scratches out a living by returning empty bottles but pretends to be in music management. Despite his slovenliness, he is attractive to some Turkish women. One such, Sibel, threatens suicide if he doesn't marry her, and her casual manner leaves us believing and not believing. She and Cahit do eventually marry, though he is not much interested. They don't have sex: she spends her wedding night with a dance-hall pickup, which Cahit knows, and he keeps up an affair with another woman, which Sibel knows. The situation unravels—rather, it goes on for a while in its unraveled state—until, for her own reasons, Sibel returns to Istanbul, and after a couple of years Cahit follows her. The performances by Birol Ünel as Cahit and Sibel Kekilli as Sibel help to make the conclusion aptly inconclusive.

The film's very first shot is of Turkish musicians, six men sitting on chairs along a riverbank, with a female singer, who play and sing old Turkish songs. This group re-appears from time to time,

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playing and singing in casually inserted shots, and the film's very last shot is of the group, which, after its final song, rises and bows to the camera.

Plainly the group serves as a recurring statement of old Turkish custom and ethos, which Cahit and Sibel and their friends have abandoned. Akin is dramatizing here the effect that exile has had on these young people, though what we see of Istanbul life isn't so greatly different. What began as an exposé of the suspension in exile for a certain generation becomes a statement of all young people's departure from the past.

Of these two films, one sheer business and the other sheer commitment, the former is the more sound. The underlying assumptions in Weitz's film are familiar enough but solid. What they are not is chic. Akin, however, makes assertions that, in the last half-century, have devolved from aesthetic daring into mere convention. Just because a young man drinks and drugs and loafs and stubs out cigarettes on the floor of his room, he is therefore emblematic of profound despair. The antihero is by now as much a stock figure as the Lone Ranger. Just because Sibel drinks a lot and dances wildly and screws around, she is therefore an agonist whose unhappiness we share. Weitz's assumptions are much less daring but, in a sense, less facile. ■

Simon Schama
Flourishing

LETTERS 1928–1946
By Isaiah Berlin
Edited by Henry Hardy
(Cambridge University Press, 755 pp., $40)

I.

IN FEBRUARY 1942, ISAIAH BERLIN, thirty-two years old, sat in a Jewish religious court in New York City, listening intently to the case of a one-legged octogenarian whose amputated limb had gone missing after surgery. This, as Berlin recognized, was no joke. Unless the leg was buried in hallowed ground, preferably close to the rest of the old boy, come the Messiah it could not be reunited with the rest of him. A while without his leg the poor man didn't mind; fifty years, say, OK, even a hundred, but to go around on a wooden leg for all eternity? Understandably bemused, the judges (one of whom, Berlin noted, was called, sublimely, Justice Null) wondered out loud what the court could do about it. "That's what *I* want to know," the crippled plaintiff replied. After deliberation, the rabbi and the justice came up with a solution. A token piece of the old man—a fingernail, say—would be buried with due solemnity, with the declaration that, in these unavoidable circumstances, it would stand in for the leg. On the day of resurrection, the Almighty, surely impressed by the judgment of the court, would accept the substitution, and with any luck the reassembled man would stride off into the everlasting.

In a letter to his parents, back in solid Hampstead, Berlin, famous for his relish of the human comedy, described the scene without a trace of condescension, much less farce. "The thing was really most pathetic," he wrote, using that last word literally. "A man condemned to wander about on one leg for eternity, unenviable even in Paradise." What touched Berlin was not just the plight of the old man, but also the inspired improvisation of the two judges, faced with an apparently impossible request. Short of the ideal solution—the recovery of the missing leg—their task was to find some way in which the pain and the fear of the sufferer could be eased, and this they satisfactorily accomplished. By Berlin's lights, this was humane intelligence operating properly, and authority applied to its supreme duty: the minimization of suffering.

If reading this glorious collection of Berlin's letters is, predictably, a heady experience, it is also a hearty one. Not in the British sense of cheery muscularity (definitely not Berlin's thing), but in the sense that the letters reveal an intellectual sensibility in which uncompromising analytical clarity was uniquely married to an unshakable faith in the decent instincts of humanity. Abstract ideas, free-floating in their own rarefied sphere of discourse, unmoored from historical place and moment (the philosophical fashion when he arrived in Oxford in the early 1930s), became for Berlin a kind of high intellectual aesthetics. In the hands of its nimblest practitioners, such as J. L. Austin, the performance was a marvelous thing to behold, but in the end, as Berlin realized while crossing the Atlantic in the belly of a bomber in 1944, it was play, not work. It was not, at any rate, his kind of work. So while the collection is packed with letters that place Isaiah Berlin in the same rank of modern epistolary artists as Evelyn Waugh and Kenneth Tynan, and can be enjoyed as the most delicious kind of literary and intellectual confectionery, the book is best read as a *Bildungsroman* of the twentieth century, the strenuous journey of an exceptional mind toward its own self-realization.

ISAIAH BERLIN IS MOST FAMOUSLY remembered as an unparalleled intellectual phenomenon: the encyclopedic memory and prodigious intellect delivering high-velocity aperçus at a rate that left audiences gasping. I first saw him lecture in the late 1960s, on the tortured relationship between Tolstoy and Turgenev. He prefaced his remarks by declaring: "Ladies and gentlemen, I must warn you that I speak very low and very fast, so if you fail to understand me, would you please indicate this by some eccentricity of behavior." Since the caveat was itself delivered in the same obscure way, nobody took him up on it. All of Berlin's most dazzling qualities were on pyrotechnic display that evening: the sharp-focused illumination of literature as social thought; the representation (almost the re-enactment) of the cultural world from which that literature had sprung; the poignant incommensurability of ultimately irreconcilable tempers (a Berlin specialty, whether of writers or of nations).

As he warmed to the subject—without a note, much less a text, the eloquence unfaltering—his expansiveness lit the wintry Cambridge evening. (It had been a prophetic choice when he had named the high school magazine that he founded at St. Paul's *The Radiator*.)

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Narrating some of Tolstoy's high moral absurdities, Berlin mugged, his broad face turning impishly deadpan, shamelessly milking the laughs. As for his two protagonists, especially Turgenev, who functioned as a ghostly (and sometimes disturbingly close) alter ego for his own anxieties and insecurities, Berlin did not so much explore their personae as inhabit them; the basso profundo turning less emphatic, or more, depending on which of the two was getting his moment; the head shaking in mock disbelief; a hand tucked into the vest of his three-piece suit, then emerging in mildly Ciceronian gestures of advocacy. As a performance of the drama of ideas, the lecture was, for the connoisseur of the genre, delectably operatic.

WHICH, IN THE VIEW OF some recent critics, is all that there really ever was. Reviewed coolly, without benefit of the sentimental reverence generated by a rich body of Berlin lore, his whole body of work is said to amount to less than the sum of its parts. This demurral, offered as an astringent reaction against the excesses of Isaiolatry, was entirely predictable, especially in Britain, where the dimming of halos, especially posthumously, is something of a national pastime; but it could hardly be more obtuse. Far from Berlin's central intellectual preoccupations wavering weakly between the hard poles of analytical philosophy and political practice, they can be seen, now more than ever, as unerringly located precisely at the point where ideas catch dangerous fire: in what might be called the realm of social religion. The issues with which he struggled—the tragic irreconcilability of liberty and equality, the social and psychological roots of tribal and national allegiance—were not just extended footnotes to the long nineteenth century, where Berlin certainly felt at home; they could hardly be more germane to the tortured perplexities of our own immediate and future situation. When Tony Blair asked Berlin whether he truly believed that "negative liberty" (the removal of coercive constraint) sufficed without the complement of "positive liberty" (a universally agreed good, reachable through collective rational self-determination), he was paying homage, rather than lip service, to the distinction developed in Berlin's most famous essay in political theory; and the prime minister was correct in believing that practical matters of the highest importance could be illuminated by a clarification of this don's distinction.

Nor is there anything about our current predicament that would have made Isaiah Berlin repent of the insistence, reiterated in so much of his work, on the historicity of ideas; their particularity in time and place; their obstinate resistance to universalization. The naïve fancy that one-size-fits-all democracy could be transported from the Potomac to the Tigris, or that any sort of system of ideas could be held to be objectively "timeless" and thus deliverable independently of specific cultural circumstances, or that a major war might be fought on such deeply mistaken premises, would have filled him with foreboding and grim disbelief.

He might not have welcomed the classification, but Berlin was, in his way, an anthropologist of cultural allegiance: he was prepared to engage seriously with precisely the kind of ideas that ought to have repelled him, those that were the least cosmopolitan, the least rational, the least amenable to easy resolution through agreed ends. It would have been easy enough for him to write about Voltaire or Constant. Instead he gave Counter-Enlightenment writers such as de Maistre and Hamann their full due. It was the airy thinness of mechanistic Enlightenment rationality, its failure to speak to the deeper impulses of memory, language, and mythology, that Berlin recognized as potent epistemological facts, however alien to his own cast of mind, and that sent him to Vico and Herder. Those exasperated by the reluctance of Sunni Iraqis to be reasonable and take their coming electorally rendered punishment on the chin could do worse than read Berlin on the tenacity of social magic in the allure of tribal nationalism.

Not that the message would be cheering. Early in his stay in the United States, where he arrived first in 1940, hoping to move on to Moscow (via Japan), Berlin realized that his skeptical and finally tragic view of history made him a cultural misfit. In New York, where Berlin was employed at the British Press Service in Manhattan, and in Washington, where he became head of the political survey section at the British Embassy, he blinked at the sunlit intensity of American optimism. Though he genuinely admired American energy and forthrightness, the mistaken conviction that exhaustive iteration was the same thing as comprehension depressed him. Ultimately he thought that the national passion for the unequivocal could only be sustained through an exercise of eye-shutting make-believe akin to a children's party game: the conversion of the world from what it was to what America wished it would be. This optimization of the world, he thought, was a willed self-deception about the reality of human behavior; namely, that there were no conflicts that, with the application of enough goodwill, money, and robust determination, could not be resolved.

But for Berlin, even then, it was the beginning of public wisdom to accept that there were indeed a multitude of evils that were not open to resolution, since arguments of persuasively equal validity could be made for each side. Hello Belfast, hello Jerusalem. Accordingly, the job of statecraft was not to liquidate those differences (for that would seldom happen), but to contain them; to find a space in which the acceptance of irreconcilability would not require mutual annihilation. However unarguable as historical fact and however timely for our own instruction, this, it need hardly be said, is not the kind of message likely to feature in American inaugural addresses. Better the vacuous uplift of the inspirational nostrum than the sobering descent of the incontrovertible truth.

II.

NOT SURPRISINGLY, THEN, THERE is some mischievous Berlinian ambiguity to the title that his exemplary editor, Henry Hardy, gave to this book of letters: "Flourishing." (The American publishers have unaccountably and pointlessly suppressed it.) "Flourishing" was Berlin's habitual communiqué to his parents, Mendel and Marie, to calm their perpetual anxieties about his health and his fortunes. In these repeated reassurances he was the touchingly dutiful Jewish son—so much so that on occasion he actually reproached *them* for not writing, not calling. But sometimes, especially from New York, he signaled "flourishing" when he was anything but. Stuck in his British Press Office on the forty-fourth floor of Rockefeller Center, appointed to liaise with American Jews and labor organizations, Berlin missed the banter of his Oxford friends so desperately, and became so despondently guilty about the triviality, as he then saw it, of

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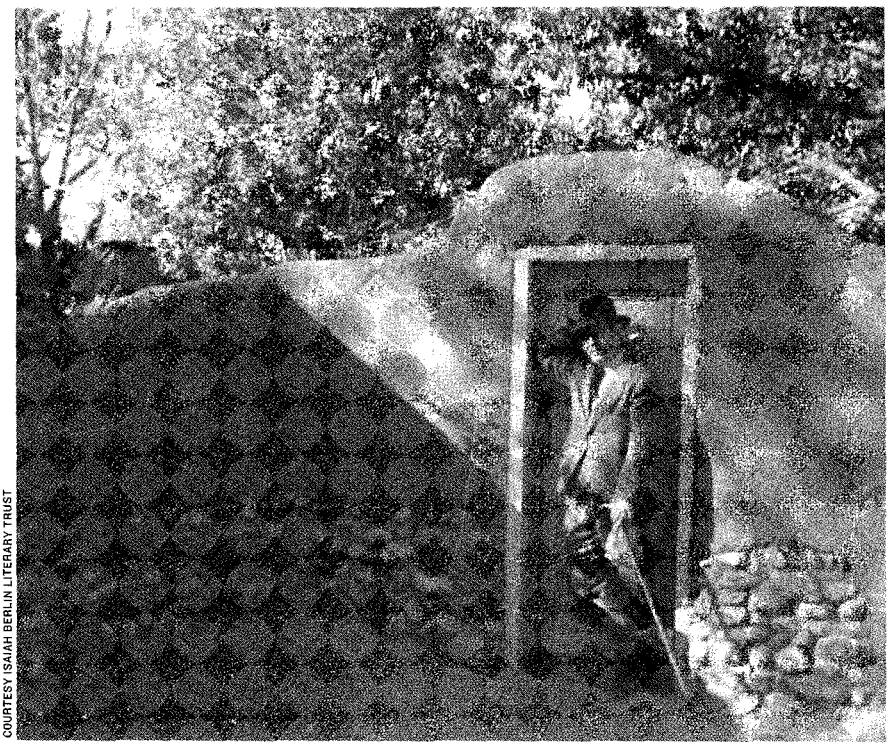
his contribution to the war effort that at one point his feelings turned suicidal. On another occasion, discovered by his parents to have been hospitalized with pneumonia while sending off yet another "flourishing" letter, Berlin protested that in fact he had flourished before he hadn't, and that in any case a New York hospital bed was an enviable idyll: terrific food, nothing to do but read, nobody bothering him.

But of course Berlin did indeed flourish, not just in the sense of thriving as Mendel and Marie Berlin hoped, but in the sense of delivering a bravura passage of brass in the reedy plainsong that was philosophical Oxford in the 1930s. Though he happily plunged into a post-Wittgensteinian ethos drunk on the over-excited discovery that language and the unstable apparatus of cognition might constitute the only available reality, Berlin (who hardly lacked for what the analytical philosophers later called speech-acts) registered his presence substantively, not just rhetorically. When Isaiah—or Shaya, as he was universally and affectionately known—was in a room, no one needed to ask, as in Forster's parody of Austin, yes, but how do we know he was *really* there? Not that the pleasure he had in being Shaya made Berlin in any sense a flâneur. He detested narcissism almost as much as philistinism. And in some aspects of his life, not least his early relationships with women, he could be brutally self-protective—happier as their cuddly talking bear than as their lover.

As the letters make plain, the epicurean jauntiness came early. The headlong rush of talk on which the equally fast flow of ideas would be borne; the exhilarated delight in gossip as an art form; the long steeping in music, especially Mozart, the composer who, for Berlin, ideally married classical brilliance with passionate sublimity; the voracious pleasure taken in food—all the wallowing in the small quotidian happinesses of life aligned him with his hero Herzen, who believed (along with at least half of Tolstoy's brain) that the point of life was the daily living of it.



COURTESY ISAIAH BERLIN LITERARY TRUST

Isaiah Berlin in Cuernavaca, Mexico, 1945

Berlin was that unlikely thing, a seriously happy Jew. It may well be, as some biographers have suggested, that the eight-year-old Isaiah acquired his pessimistic view of history, and his aversion to immediate misery inflicted in the name of a proclaimed future good, by witnessing the revolution in Petrograd in 1917. But there is little sign that the triangulation of his personality between its Russian, Jewish, and English dimensions ever made him uneasy about the wholeness of his identity. Identities, he would have scoffed, are seldom whole; not the interesting ones, anyway. He may have seemed, as Guy de Rothschild once noted, to have "floated inside his clothes," but there is no doubt that Berlin was perfectly comfortable in the solid suiting of a middle-class northwest London English Jew. The synagogues that he attended with his parents in Bayswater, Hampstead, and Golders Green were, architecturally and socially, testaments to the determination with which bourgeois Anglo-Jews staked their claim to a stable place within the institutions of late-imperial Britain. The interiors were (and are) oak-paneled; the windows neo-Victorian stained glass; the *yad*, or pointer, for the Torah readings was made from Hatton Garden sterling silver; and the synagogue's official notables, the "wardens," were dressed in black silk top hats and seated in their very own closed pew, the "box," which solemnly opened and shut each time one of them emerged to mount the steps to the Ark.

THERE WAS NO REASON, THEN, for Isaiah, or his parents, to suppose that doors would be barred against him—provided, that is, that he was sensible about which doors to knock on. So no Eton or Winchester for him, but the day school of St. Paul's, in London, itself an intense forcing house of intellectual distinction; then afterward Oxford, not the aristocratic preserves of Christ Church or Magdalen, but Corpus Christi, neither the most dazzling of the colleges nor the drabbest. After graduating (first in Classics, or "Greats," then in Politics, Philosophy, and Economics, both with Firsts), Berlin moved smoothly to a lectureship in philosophy at New College. Although in later life he would often say (usually when he was out of Oxford) that he was never happier than in academic life, like many gifted young scholars he paused at the crossroads, not least because he thought New College a depressingly dull place, and also because he was tantalized by what seemed, for a while, to be a job offer at the *Manchester Guardian*. When, to his acute disappointment, the job failed to materialize, Berlin took the bull by the horns and entered the notoriously stiff fellowship examination for All Souls, the only Oxford college with no students. No Jew had ever been elected to All Souls, and Berlin's father attempted to cool his son's expectations by

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telling him that it would be a miracle if it happened. It did. *The Jewish Chronicle* heralded the achievement as another hurdle vaulted, and the chief rabbi of Britain sent congratulations. (They were addressed, in an anticipation of a more famous confusion to which we will come in a moment, to "Irving Berlin, Esq.")

He was already a phenomenon: unstoppably voluble, eloquent; notoriously ardent; playfully poetic rather than dryly cerebral in his intellectual enthusiasms. No wonder so many of his earliest, best friends were Irish: particularly the Lynd sisters, Sigle and Maire, a writer's daughters, whom Berlin had met when they had been living in the Warden's Lodge at New College. They were clever, fine-boned, wistful, sardonic, mischievous, with a good deal of steel beneath the rain-soft complexions. (Both Lynd sisters ended up in the Communist Party.) How could the owlish, portly, intense young Jew not fall? And so he did. Sigle was the first of his real passions, though apparently not so much as a touch passed between them. Her younger sister Maire became a lifelong intimate, someone more than a friend and less than a lover, to whom Berlin could pour out the contents of his heart as well as his mind from time to time. That Maire liked to be known as "B. J."—for "Baby Junior"—gives an accurate sense of the circle in which Isaiah felt happiest in the mid-thirties: teasing, faux-worldly, companionable, a fizzing cocktail of chummy brilliance laced with a dash of backbiting bitters at the expense of those judged Not Really Us, who included the relentlessly self-promoting historian A. L. Rowse and the blustering and bullying Richard Crossman, not yet a Labor Party politician, whom Isaiah hated and later diagnosed as a "left-wing fascist."

His letters at this time sometimes give the uncomfortable impression of playing to the gallery; I Say-er doing his turn as Entertaining Pet Hebrew ("my dear you know how *frightfully* clever they all are"). For example:

> Dear John,
> Not a breath passes here where all is very still. I am about to write a tractate on God's chasing his own predictions for you but am so idiotically busy that I havent been able to find a cool hour yet.... The only piece of really stimulating gossip there is is the unmentionable fact [*do* be careful] that the President being weak & adying demands blood. The Fellows gallantly offered theirs.... Hardie was found to have none to offer. Pidduck & Phelps though something was running furiously in their veins, were discovered in its not being blood, but some sharper, inferior liquid....

But this was June 1933, and through the rest of the decade ugly political reality kept breaking into the glaring brightness. When Adam von Trott, later executed by Hitler as a member of the von Stauffenberg conspiracy in 1944, defended the Third Reich against charges of persecuting the Jews, Berlin was at first incredulous and then indignant. On one of his summer pilgrimages to Salzburg, he records his encounter with his first Nazi: "a great corpulent figure in the official brown uniform with a red and black Swastika on his sleeve & wearing a small black astrakhan hat with silver symbols embroidered thereon: he was very drunk, rolled into my café and was led out by 3 waiters." Yet there is still a disconcerting lightness to his tone when he writes of such things. Von Trott is given only a mild reproof, the brownshirt treated mainly as a curiosity.

III.

BUT IN THESE YEARS THE ACUTELY observant Berlin is beginning to sharpen his focus, about those at whom he looked as well as about himself. In Palestine in 1934, he described kibbutzniks to Felix and Marion Frankfurter as "the old 1848 idealist type of person who somehow do work the land by day & read poetry by night without making it seem impossibly arty and affected. I like them better than I've ever liked any body of men, tho' I couldn't live among them, they are too noble, simple, & oppressively good." Berlin diagnosed much of the surliness of British officials (neither malevolent nor benevolent) toward the Jews as stemming from a resentment that their usual imperial role of *Kulturträger* to the natives had been usurped by dentists from Kraków, demoting the pukka pashas to the status of glorified traffic cops. Hence the romantic eagerness of the British to adopt the role of protector of the noble Arabs against the pushily disruptive Jews and their Mitteleuropa culture of coffee, cake, and *Kinder*.

The Frankfurters, whom Berlin met in Oxford, were among the correspondents who provoked him to take his letters to an altogether different plane than that of mercurially entertaining tongue-wagger. For the young Stephen Spender, Berlin became an acute and ruthlessly honest literary critic (not least of Spender's own work), nailing Aldous Huxley's disingenuousness at contriving sinister moments:

> We are used to war horrors, consequently he produces a scene in which the mangled remains of a terrier plop down from an aeroplane on two lovers naked on a roof, & spatter them with blood. Quiet horror is a specialty of the French in the last century, but whereas Baudelaire & Huysmans do so for purely artistic reasons & standing aloof from it present it without comment, Huxley, a puritan moralist makes a sort of propaganda of it & merely lowers & sordidifies [*sic*] the scene. One is touched or nauseated or pierced in some way, but not moved or at all profoundly affected or made capable of seeing something or understanding anything save abstract general propositions.

No one brought out the best in Berlin's letter-writing as consistently as Elizabeth Bowen, the (still bafflingly underrated) Anglo-Irish novelist, whom Isaiah first met when, on one of his trips to Ireland with his Anglo-Irish Oxford girlfriends, he was taken to her house in County Cork. Much later he would himself contribute to the deflation of Bowen's reputation by claiming that he had always found her novels unreadable—a doubly unbelievable disclaimer, since at the time he waxed feverishly enthusiastic about *The House in Paris* and *The Death of the Heart* ("your novel robs me of sleep at nights; it is colossally absorbing"). And with good reason, for they are two of the strongest books Bowen ever wrote, glittering with precisely the kind of gritty physical characterization and unflinching psychological insight that Berlin admired. When he wrote to Bowen, he raised his own writing to Bowenite heights, often producing literary scene-painting that itself resembled some of the more confessionally autobiographical moments from Tolstoy or Svevo.

Extracting himself at the London zoo "opposite the Python" from the pathetically attached Rachel "Tips" Walker, a

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former pupil, whom Isaiah had very definitely Led On, he wrote to Bowen with self-dramatizing candor:

> We went on aiming at each other, missing mostly, with desperate gravity. Dear me. I can't possibly marry her. She thinks I can. We should be miserable at once. The last scene in which I forced myself to be sensible & pedestrian & analyse the situation calmly & declare that I must stop, was awful beyond words. I always found I had to begin afresh, & talked almost of the weather, to begin with. Then a silence. Then I would get up & make as if to go. We both felt that something had to be said. We gulped and floundered & I felt unscrupulous & a cad. The climax was reached when she inquired how far my recent declarations resembled my final end with Sigle Lynd. It was past all bearing.

The women whom Berlin most admired were the opposite of poor "Tips" (who ended in a mental hospital): strong-minded, unabashed, verbally quick on the draw, like "B. J." Lynd, Bowen (who Isaiah thought could hold her own with doubtful types in the London and Dublin pubs), Virginia Woolf, who intimidated him with what he thought was the most beautiful face he had ever seen in his life, and Gertrude Stein, who took the smirk right off the face of Oxford undergraduates when she told them "what was wrong with their lives, asked them what Schools they were at, embarrassed them, trampled on them, & winked a great deal at Alice B. Toklas." Bowen's Court improbably became a kind of home away from home for the Russian-Jewish Oxford philosophy don, who got into his wellies and even onto a horse to trot along the "violent green" lanes.

IT WAS THERE, IN THE SUMMER OF 1938, while Neville Chamberlain was shuttling to and from Berchtesgaden, that Berlin finally completed his short book on Marx, commissioned five years earlier by H. A. L. Fisher for the Home University Library. The work had become an ordeal, because Berlin was simultaneously mesmerised and repelled by Marx; and aghast at recognizing traits of single-minded ferocity combined with thin-skinned sensitivity that he acknowledged in himself; and deeply alienated by Marx's determinism at the same time as he was in awe of the adamantine coherence of the philosophical edifice he had constructed. For summers on end he procrastinated his way around Europe—the south of France; Dublin; Venice ("so delightful & silly to go in a gondola through a fairly squalid canal, & realize this is like a v. second rate novel, & then suddenly hear Chopin played from the window of a not very beautiful palazzo & realize that one is part of a sentimental and ridiculous film set")—conspicuously not polishing off the manuscript. And while evading the hairy, chilling presence of Marx somewhere over his shoulder, Berlin fired off volleys, usually to Bowen, of dead-on observations about almost everything else—the problem of defining a highbrow when only highbrows did; Stuart Hampshire's affair with A. J. Ayer's wife; his thrilling discovery of Herzen (who functioned as a kind of anti-Marx for Berlin, with the Russian's ironic "gentlemanliness" and "unsqualid disillusionment"); the alienating quality of Henry James's characters "all jittering because their private world may be taken away from them (the ultimate tragedy is when it is)." In a remarkable letter to Ben Nicolson, Berlin deplored James's unwitting reinforcement of the stereotype that "we—the intellectuals, the sensitives, the observers, the persons who discuss—are all cripples; able to peer from all sorts of unusual angles ... but thereby we deprive ourselves of the right of life which James vaguely accords to the rare normal figures who occur at the edge of his world. Everything he [James] says is true, piecemeal, so to speak but false in the aggregate."

The odd thing is that Berlin was finally buckling down to his Marx book while so many of his friends were choosing sides, Stephen Spender joining the Lynds in the British Communist Party, others taking the Spanish Civil War as a litmus test of allegiance. Berlin thought and wrote about Marx as if he were encountering him not in the middle of the twentieth century but in the middle of the nineteenth century. This had the intellectual virtue of not anachronistically projecting back onto Marx everything that had been done in his name, but it gave the book—which appeared soon after the war had begun—an inevitable air of over-detachment from the monstrous historical drama that was being played out in Europe.

Ayer and Hampshire went off to war. Berlin, who had always been an unequivocal and impassioned anti-appeaser, was rejected as physically unfit for military service, and chafed at the unreality of donning endlessly on (more Kant, more Locke) as one country after another fell to the blitzkrieg. He soothed his frustration somewhat by recording, Waugh-like, witty reports from the ivory battlements. "Maurice [Bowra], if in a lower-keyed register, is still making the same jokes as before.... He is in charge, I believe of some 160 postal workers. So our mails are safe at any rate. David Cecil still runs in and out with a voice like a crate of hens carried across a field." Striking in the letters of this time is the total absence of any sort of apprehensiveness, much less panic, as Britain was finally left alone to face the apparently invincible Third Reich. To American friends such as the Frankfurters he insisted that England was absolutely not done for, and he denounced those, like Auden, who had scuttled while pretending some act of cultural diplomacy:

> Personal survival is no doubt a legitimate end: one fights while one can & then one either dies or escapes. I am not a soldier & can't be one, and am in certain respects highly exposed, if only because I am a Jew & have written on Marx: I shd do my best not to be caught: if I could induce some institution in the U.S.A. to invite me, I would. But cold blooded flight is monstrous. And indifference to a conflict on which the outcome of which all art & thought depend, repulsive and stupid.... I perceive that I am being violent and unusually public minded. That is perhaps a genuine change. The private world has cracked in numerous places. I should terribly like to be able to help in the great historical process in some way.

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IV.

THE WAY PROVED ELUsive. Berlin, usually nobody's fool, was comprehensively suckered by one of British history's flashier wicked operators, the amoral and bibulously charismatic Guy Burgess, already in the stable of Soviet intelligence (along with Anthony Blunt and Donald Maclean, whom Berlin also knew without any suspicion that they were communists, much less Soviet agents). Eager to get to Moscow himself, Burgess concocted a scheme by which he and Berlin would go together, the latter as a Russian-fluent press-attaché-cum-local-expert who might report back to the Foreign Office in London, perhaps on the prospects of detaching the Soviet Union from the Non-Aggression Pact. For Berlin, chafing at his impotence in the year of Britain's greatest crisis, this seemed just the ticket, and talks with other acquaintances in the Foreign Office in London were encouraging enough for him to book a passage west to Washington, from where, it was said, the trip to Russia would be arranged. In the event, someone smelled something not quite right (perhaps Burgess's notorious intimacy not with the NKVD but the whiskey bottle), and Berlin's own credentials were compromised along with his dodgy friend. Instructions came from London: do not, repeat, not, send B and B.

The ignominious collapse of his Russian mission left Berlin stranded, first in Washington and then in New York, and much chastened in temper, not least by the starkness of the world crisis in 1940 and 1941. He imagined the flames of the Blitz at home and felt guiltily fretful about his distance from it. His sparkly correspondents dim and disappear into the night of the war; no more letters to Spender or Bowen. The letters that survive throughout Berlin's war years in the United States are overwhelmingly missives to his parents, and after the habitual reassurances of his continuing to flourish, they assume a graver, more straightforward tone. They often tell pardonable whoppers, as sons will do, about his true state of mind, which was deeply homesick for England, and bemused, and often sharply alienated from the America in which he found himself.

It was not only his parents whom he benignly misled. To Marion Frankfurter, in August 1940, Berlin drew a contrast between Anglo-French oversophistication and American directness wholly flattering to the latter. "I am myself a little disturbed by this terrific [American] clarity and emphasis," he conceded, "where nothing is taken for granted, everything is stated in so many unambiguous terms, no secret seasoning is tasteable.... But it is superior to the nuances and evasions of England and France. Aesthetically inferior but morally superior. It destroys art but conduces to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." But to one of his old Oxford pals, Shiela Grant Duff, he wrote more candidly that "I cling to the English desperately. I passionately long to come home. England is *infinitely* preferable to the best discoverable here." More poetically telling, Berlin often compared himself to a melancholy holdover from the eighteenth century confronted with the raw factual world of the nineteenth, unable to withhold his admiration for its iron grip on the future but at the same time deeply repelled by a version of mankind which somehow had edited out precisely the weaknesses and the contradictions that were—for him, as for his heroes Turgenev and Herzen—the essence of being human.

And the essence of being Isaiah Berlin, too. It is not too strong to say that he discovered the problem of incommensurability first in himself. For both the views expressed to Marion Frankfurter and the views expressed to Shiela Grant Duff were true. The inability to reconcile these two halves of his cultural personality, or to have one prevail over the other, and his hostility to any single overriding reason why one or the other should triumph, marks not only Berlin's liberation from his long captivity toiling in the dense and gloomy woods of the Marxist dialectic, but also an early inkling of what would become the hallmark of his own prudentially pessimistic pluralism. The fact that Berlin would go on to articulate a philosophical ethic born of his own life and temperament does not weaken its claim to truth, of course. Indeed, it strengthens the claim, as Berlin's obstinately Romantic half would doubtless have insisted.

Still, the "daily living" of these contradictions was not easy. A brief period of leave in England in 1940–1941 ("the happiest months of my life") made the distance between British and American values seem more oceanic than ever. After returning to New York and the British Information Service, and acknowledging that since "I wish to help with the war" he had no choice but to apply himself to the job at hand (his mission was to enlist American Jews to use their influence in assisting Roosevelt's undeclared war), he nonetheless declared to Maire Gaster that he was "nearer to dissolution in my life than ever before."

It was Chaim Weizmann who, more than anybody else, arguably saved Isaiah from a more serious crack-up, and who exemplified, to a degree that Berlin came to find heroic, the historical necessity of suppressing the pangs of *Weltschmerz* and Just Getting On With It. On first meeting the president of the World Zionist Congress and renowned Manchester chemist, Berlin was curiously unimpressed. Perhaps Weizmann was still too much the unreconstructed Russian

Adam's Understanding

Adam agreed the ocean would be the home of salt.
We all understood our souls would hang by a thread.
God agreed the pearl would be out of our hands.

What did the Prodigal Son find inside his room?
His boots, his sword, a tiny monkey chained
To an iron ball, a bed, and forgetfulness.

I have written poems lying in so many small beds.
Sometimes a cross hangs on the inside of the door.
Mostly the dark of early dawn is in the room.

Some say farmers have taken on themselves the crime
Of saving and sowing wheat; and bakers have taken
On themselves the crime of baking the bread!

This is what I say, "I want what's owed to me."
A voice says, "We have our inheritance."
Whose voice is that? Is that my old teacher?

Oh what a glory it is that the winter snow
Should be so deep, that we know so little,
And the future should be out of our hands!

ROBERT BLY

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Jew, relatively unvarnished (compared with Isaiah himself) with the patina of Oxford Common Room cleverness, for Berlin to warm to him right away. But this soon changed. Witnessing Weizmann's inexhaustible determination to make the aims of the Allied war effort congruent with the establishment of a Jewish national homeland, his relentless campaigning and the infallible passion and eloquence he brought to it, and the shrewdness of his pragmatism sustained without compromising the nobility of his ideals, Berlin became lost in admiration. Here, he thought, was an indisputably great man, someone out of the nineteenth century (to which he had now warmed), with the look of a "very distinguished, rather tragic camel" but the charisma of Mazzini or Garibaldi.

Most of all, Berlin saw in Weizmann, whose cautionary gradualism was born of an intense devotion to Britain that in no way diluted his commitment to Jewish self-determination, the perfect exemplar of the man of felicitously mixed feelings. Well before the war ended, and those mixed feelings became the reason why Weizmann would become marginalized by more militant nationalists such as David Ben-Gurion, Berlin was defending him against their impatience. Anti-British policies that seemed to have the virtue of urgency, Berlin thought, would in the end turn out to be more damaging than healthy for the long-term interests of Jewish Palestine.

PEARL HARBOR MADE THE WORK of championing the cause of British survival to American-Jewish opinion redundant. Berlin was moved to the embassy in Washington with the reverse commission of explaining American policy and politics in weekly reports sent to the Foreign Office back in London (and sometimes, as it transpired, to Churchill). His style, and his reputation for brilliant candor, was set in July 1942 in a remarkable early report listing in twenty-three paragraphs just what it was about the British that—the hero worship of Churchill and the near-universal admiration for their behavior during the Blitz notwithstanding—made his countrymen so unappealing in some quarters of American opinion. Berlin's talent for cultural summary was on dazzling display here, especially penetrating when it cut to the quick of English cultural snobbery. Contradictions being, of course, at the heart of every stereotype, Americans managed to dislike the British, he wrote, for being both trapped in a rigid class structure and for "going red"; for being both too "adroit for simple, honest Americans" at the same time that they were rigid in their defense of obsolete empire. The British were both nervously reserved about "treading on American corns" yet too free with "over-civilised English accents," aggravating the American suspicion of being patronized by a country that supposed itself culturally superior.

Just what were policymakers supposed to do with such information? But the incisiveness of Berlin's weekly reports became legendary in London and the reason for the famous invitation to lunch at Downing Street, at which Churchill quizzed the understandably startled Irving Berlin on his views about American politics and the state of the world in general. Disabused of his mistake, Churchill dined out on the story, and Berlin—Isaiah, not Irving—thought it wonderful, though the wonderfulness decreased every time the British ambassador repeated it, sometimes forcing Berlin to tell the tale himself.

In Washington, Berlin settled into a routine, much of which was using dinner parties as a listening post, the gleanings from which would be converted into his reports. Provided he actually got to the dinners (a hilarious letter of apology to a Brazilian diplomat chronicles an evening of unparalleled haplessness at failing to find her address), Berlin reveled in his being lionized as the wittiest and the smartest fellow in town. He could be both devastating and reassuring. Only he could think, for example, to dispel worries that Harold Laski, the supremo of socialist political thought and a member of the Labor Party national executive, was plotting to turn the Atlantic world red, by dismissing him to Americans as merely "a harmless megalomaniac."

As the war wound to its end, Berlin's reputation for analytical sharpness made him in demand for a postwar job in government. Arnold Toynbee, whose historical outlook (not to mention his anti-Zionism) was the polar opposite of Berlin's, offered him a place in the Foreign Office Research Department, a prospect that he rejected right away as an existence toiling in "the sunless cave of inhibited professors."

Toward the end of 1945, he finally got his wish to go to Russia, where, in Leningrad, he had an encounter with Anna Akhmatova, unerotic (for she was no longer the startling beauty of earlier years) but nonetheless love-struck, a meeting that changed both their lives, and to mark which Akhmatova inscribed a poem for Isaiah. The letters from Russia, though, are the only major disappointment in this rich and irresistible book. The letters are entertaining on the antics of Randolph Churchill, but strangely silent on most everything that mattered. On the social and material ruin of Leningrad after the siege, there is little; on the enormity of Soviet tyranny, which Berlin certainly recognized, and which was then playing out the spasms of its most insane cruelties, there is nothing at all. Akhmatova herself appears more as an item in cultural tourism than as the heart-stopping sharer in a personal and cultural epiphany.

BUT BY THEN ISAIAH BERLIN'S future had been set, and it was not going to be in America or in Russia (though he was now uniquely placed to write something of global significance about the fate of British culture between the two modern colossi). It was in that bomber going back to England in 1944, forbidden to sleep "because there was some danger of falling on the oxygen pipe and so suffocating," that he found his true vocation. "There was no light and therefore one couldn't read," he later recalled in an interview (it is given in one of the interposed spoken commentaries that wind beautifully through this volume like a twist of silk), "one was therefore reduced to a most terrible thing—to having to think and I had to think for seven or eight hours from Canada to England."

What Berlin thought, above all, was that "I really wanted to know more at the end of my life than at the beginning," and that pure philosophy "which taxed the intelligence of man to the highest degree" was not for him. "I didn't want

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the answers to these philosophical questions with that degree of urgency with which a true philosopher must want them." Instead he had discovered that he wished to reconstruct how social and political ideas were generated in a particular place and a particular time, and then how they operated in the flesh-and-blood world of history. And he also knew, with the decisiveness that his immersion in history had brought him, that the last places such illuminations would be yielded were official research departments, where humane intelligence toiled for the powerful. He would, then, go back to Oxford.

And there Isaiah Berlin stayed for the rest of his life, unrepentant of the decision, dismissive of the view (held by Weizmann, among others) that in so doing he had somehow turned his back on real political engagement. For Berlin the academy would never be a site of preening or professionalism. It was, rather, a place where liberty—defined as freedom from any sort of coercion—could be lived, and where the challenge of choosing between life's contradictory impulses could be faced with clear-eyed courage. Here these early letters end; here the intellectual breakthroughs begin. ■

Toni Bentley

The Sway of All Flesh

STRIPTEASE:
THE UNTOLD HISTORY
OF THE GIRLIE SHOW
By Rachel Shteir
(Oxford University Press, 438 pp., $30)

THE ONE-HUNDRED-YEAR history of women stripping in America is one long tease. It goes like this: the women take it off, one way or another (or yet another), and the authorities tell them to put it back on, or some of it anyway. So the girls put it on, the ticket sales cease, the girls take it off again, the ticket sales soar, and the censors start counting naked breasts again and shut the show down, after which it re-opens with a different name down the street. Show after show, year after year, decade after decade, this cycle of end-runs repeats, as it still does today, and there is no reason to suspect, or to desire, that this dance between censorship and sex, between God and go-go, will ever cease. They are mutually dependent; without each other they would not exist. Within the delicate confines of its proscriptions and limitations, stripping was gradually forced to define its character, and thus it found its heart and its spirit, and more than a few game dames.

In her fascinating and well-researched book, Rachel Shteir has documented this odd and salacious window onto a great and ongoing American pastime: watching women lose it. "It," of course, denotes a wide range of sexual and sartorial modes, but whether it be their clothes, their fat, their beauty, their morality, or only their sanity, all speak to the same enticing phenomenon: a woman out of control is an exciting being—to both sexes, one might add.

One learns from Shteir's detailed history that government strictures have shaped striptease as a cultural waystation as much as striptease has shaped the American idea of what is sexy. Her study outlines that very particular courtship between men and women where a theatrical proscenium frames the dialogue—a dialogue that will never be consummated, though not for lack of effort, on either side of the footlights. Like "Whack-a-Mole," that other edifying example of the "now you see it, now you don't" school of entertainment, where one smashes down a little mole's mug with an enormous mallet only to have one of his siblings resurface inches away, striptease will always be denounced but will never disappear.

Among all the boas, double entendres, and onstage milk baths lies a historic and hilarious trail of G-string-splitting laws passed in the noble but futile attempt to control what is truly uncontrollable: the male mind. As Sally Marr, the mother of Lenny Bruce and the dean of the Pink Pussycat College of Striptease in Los Angeles—no applications, please, it has long since closed its doors: strippers today merely improvise on their vertical poles—wisely explained, "A woman's best weapon is a man's imagination." And therein lies the key to stripping. It is worth noting that not one of the great burlesque queens of the 1930s and 1940s actually got naked.

Alain Bernardin, the visionary founder of the Crazy Horse in Paris, the classic French tribute to the live nude woman, once remarked that "eroticism is like a mountain—you can't see it all at once." Thus begins a man's ascent to a particular idea of eternity. And the runway to this eternity in the world of burlesque is lined with a plenitude of feminine frippery: tassels, pasties, rosettes, merkins, fishnets, garters, pearls, rhinestones, veils, lashes, wigs, ropes, chains, water, fire, feathers, fans, and other assorted "hypothetical costumes." A good strip is nothing if not smoke and mirrors. Otherwise it is simply a half-naked girl, not a bad alternative but not always as intriguing as one framed in the theater of the ephemeral. As one carnival barker said, striptease makes "old men young and young men dizzy."

WHILE IT IS HARD TO SUBscribe to the notion that stripping—or the display of "human apertures," in the words of a rather unpoetic critic—is an art form, it most certainly, in particular circumstances with particular dancers, can reach a state of magic. But its history is notable for another no less fascinating reason: it is the story of a young, unsophisticated, Puritan nation's struggle to deal with sex in a public forum and to define the sexual woman. Where else have the Madonna and the whore been so virulently separated and yet so closely juxtaposed that their garments are interchangeable? Is not the duster of burlesque merely the cloak of chastity unfastened? The stripper straddles the contradiction between Madonna and whore: she is the nice girl who might rather than the bad girl who has. The stars of this colorful tale are the thousands of young women who were willing not only to show their wares but also to risk their reputations in jail cells and theaters alike. This takes guts in a society as devoted to

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judgment as it is to forgiveness.

Shteir has done a lot of work, for which one can only be grateful. She has uncovered every uncovering on every stage in every city across this great land from the late nineteenth century to today. (The high points certainly occurred in the decades preceding television and free love; in the 1960s the sight of bare breasts became so ubiquitous that the charm of seeing any particular pair all but vanished.) The back and forth of what has been allowed and then not allowed makes the reader a little dizzy, and Shteir has documented it all. Her book is impressive, though the writing itself is less than inspired. *Striptease* is overwhelmed with facts, dates, and places, and sometimes the prose takes on a tone of gravity that belies its delightful subject. There are also numerous typos and misspellings, as well as a few factual errors. Still, the beautiful and entertaining saga of the whole "take it off, put it on" tale has more than enough wits and tits to carry the show on its own. *Striptease* is a genuine contribution to the history of American culture.

THE STORY BEGINS IN THE nineteenth century, and in the Old World. The invention of the cancan in France in the mid-1800s revealed women's bodies in a way that was previously unimaginable. Those uncanny vertical high kicks and horizontal floor splits separated ladies' legs in public like never before, and further enticed with the tantalizing flashes of flesh between the black garters and the frilly white pantaloons. The composition was brilliant: a blatant erotic display disarmed by speedy movement, boisterous music, wide grins, and ribbons galore. Heine may have thundered that "the cancan dancers pour scorn on all those things that are held to be noblest and holiest in life," but not all agreed. The Prince of Wales, in love with La Goulue, the most famous of the Moulin Rouge dancers, saw things from a different perspective, calling his beloved "the wickedness of Paris on a very good pair of legs."

In 1896, burlesque made its first substantial appearance on American shores with Lydia Thompson and the British Blondes, who, for the most part, were dressed *en travestie* and bared ankles and calves ensconced in tights. They were deemed "optically edible" by one admirer; Mark Twain declared them dressed "with a meagerness that would make a parasol blush." Shortly thereafter the Salome craze, inspired by Oscar Wilde's play and Richard Strauss's opera, unleashed hundreds of girls into American vaudeville sporting jeweled bikinis, transparent skirts, heads of John the Baptist, and those infamous seven veils—and thus was born the most undefined of dances, opening wide the field for experiment and exposure. The musical accompaniment to these improvised inspirations mimicked the dances by using all manner of styles, from Strauss's nine-minute 1905 atonal dance to Tin Pan Alley and Jazz Age hits, and then to David Rose's "The Stripper" from 1958, the bump-and-grind anthem that made its way into all American homes as the music for a Noxzema shaving cream commercial.

In his great floor shows, which ran in New York from 1907 for more than two decades, Florenz Ziegfeld lost little time making the most of beautiful women dressed in fabulous risqué costumes and testing the limits of both his audience and the authorities on exposed flesh. As family fare in large well-appointed theaters, his shows paved the way for the subsequent career of stripping that would proceed in less reputable venues in New York and later in the hinterland. Thus the theater of the nude began its simultaneous rise and fall into American show business. Girls "are the most fundamental of commodities," noted Earl Carroll, an early Jazz Age promoter (a "preacher with an erection," according to W. C. Fields) who put undressing on the Broadway stage in the "Vanities Revue" that ran from 1923 to 1931.

THE HISTORY OF STRIPTEASE IS hardly a science, and the facts are often hard to come by, but the tale is happily punctuated by numerous proud claims of "firsts": first stripper, first teaser (one strips onstage, the other offstage), first topless, first moving topless (New York Statute 1140a stated in 1923 that it was "illegal" to reveal a breast while moving), first busted bra strap (Carrie Fenway, also in 1923: "out it pops, this one like a big vanilla sundae with a cherry on top, and Carrie ... bawls it out for getting loose"). And it is one Hinda Wassau—born Hinda Warshaw in Milwaukee—who lays possible claim as the first American girl, circa 1925, to "strip."

It was in Chicago and it was, of course, a mistake: Hinda's costume caught "unintentionally" on the scenery. But she proceeded to grab the opportunity and to extend the provocation. She touched her body with her own hands, crossing what may be termed the fifth theatrical wall while magically maintaining the fourth. It is one thing to advertise the goods, but quite another to squeeze them with autoerotic intent. Wassau was an outlaw with a propensity for touching the wrong things in more ways than one. She had a police report to prove it.

Less than a decade later, two years after Wall Street had "laid an egg" in the crash of 1929, the country was primed for some serious escapism, and Herbert and Morton Minsky launched the Golden Age of burlesque. They brought their revue uptown from the Lower East Side to the sumptuously renovated National Winter Garden on Broadway, tripling ticket prices to $1.50 and presenting the great queens of burlesque on their stages, most notably Gypsy Rose Lee. The Minskys presented the very best of American showmanship: a brazen vision, a well-founded belief in the force of the naked girl, and a willingness to break the law in their endeavor to present her to the public and to fill their theaters with an eager audience, and their coffers with gold. They even founded "Minsky University" with an eye to educating burlesque critics in the new American art form.

While the first runway had appeared at the Shubert Theater in 1912, the Minskys took this devious theatrical device to its logical extreme. The significance of the runway—that great phallic extension that penetrates the audience and allows the performer not only to parade before them but also to enter into their midst—cannot be underestimated, and it remains today one of the hallmarks of a strip joint. Aptly named by one well-traveled wit the "Bridge of Thighs," the increased proximity that the runway provided also aided in the birth of the verbal wit of burlesque, which became a sideshow all its own. It also came with its own vernacular, invented by those whose business is show business. At the height of its popularity, an "ecdysiast" might perform a "skin opera" of "deciduous kinesthetics" while "peeling" to her "pasties" and doing a "horizontal cooch" and a sideways "shimmy" until she was mostly "nudified" and "flashing" her "gadget." Pretty sexy stuff. No wonder that a prominent New York rabbi proclaimed that "you cannot make these places decent. You might as well try to freeze hell."

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With show titles such as "Mind Over Mattress," "The Sway of All Flesh," and "Panties Inferno," the Minskys' success provoked John Sumner, head of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice (NYSSV), the committee started by the notorious Anthony Comstock in 1873 to guard the morals of American society, to spearhead a new campaign. Summer declared 1935 the year that "burlesque commenced to run wild," and on one evening his agents counted no fewer than fifty-six bare breasts on the stage of the Apollo Theater—a record bosom count, and another first of sorts. Never has a police department enjoyed so much paid time in the theater as during the height of burlesque's reign, when patrolling the aisles was hard work indeed—and the detail compiled was worthy of a study by Alfred Kinsey.

Edicts were issued: the size of G-strings was dictated to the eighth of an inch; the dancers could pose but not undress on stage (so they went offstage repeatedly, returning with less and less, over and over); and they were forbidden to touch themselves, as naughty Hinda had. Despite some adherence to these new rules—and considerable lip service—the theaters were regularly raided, and Mayor LaGuardia even appointed a "burlesque czar" to oversee the prosecutions and "end incorporated filth." (Oh, for the days when burlesque was the greatest threat to New York City!) By 1937, fourteen theaters had their licenses revoked and two thousand people were out of work. Brooks Atkinson, the liberal theater critic of *The New York Times*, explained that "the human body terrifies some people," while it was proudly noted by the NYSSV that striptease had finally been wiped from the city's landscape. Well, not quite. Stripping simply went underground, as did drinking during Prohibition. Thus were born "floating" clubs that would open for a week or so only to evade the authorities by promptly relocating. Between 1939 and 1942, when the war added a new urgency to the public's desire for pretty girls and broad humor, only three burlesque theaters managed to stay open legally.

But all this censorship did little to quiet the creative juices of the performers; it merely inspired new innovations. In 1940 it was duly reported that Margie Hart's "break-away" dress caused more eyestrain in one night than the New York Eye Hospital saw in a year. (Alas, the dress was confiscated.) After the war, burlesque enjoyed a huge resurgence. Though it was still banned in New York, Harold Minsky opened the enormous Adams Theatre in Newark, thereby clogging the tunnels between New York and New Jersey on Friday and Saturday nights as New Yorkers flocked across the river. While Ohio boasted five burlesque theaters by 1951—more than any other state in the Union—stripping in New York simply moved into smaller, more intimate, and often more glamorous venues. So many of these chic supper clubs lined Fifty-second Street that it was referred to as Sexty-second Street.

But for all the merry tales of jail sentences and costume innovations, the real stars of striptease are the women who chose to walk the razor's edge of decency in the effort not only to entertain and to make a living, but also to participate in the great American story of self-reinvention. It is here that the story of striptease gathers its greatest cultural significance—not as an art form, but as a forum for young girls and women of little prospects, money, or education to bypass their identities by way of their anatomies. Though the last decade has seen a few memoirs published by women claiming Ivy League roots or aspirations while slumming it in stripping, your average stripper has not grown up on Park Avenue and gone to Brearley.

Stripping is for women what boxing is for men: the opportunity to break out of one's social class, to change one's name, and to become a star by physically epitomizing one's sex. On the runway and on the ropes, both the stripper and the boxer push their bodies to the brink and hold them there while the rest of us watch their courage with a mixture of awe, excitement, and, inevitably in our laziness, intellectual superiority. And these girls did change their names, though rarely to protect anyone, much less the innocent. Mary Dawson became Mademoiselle Fifi; Katherine Boyd became Zorita; Juanita May Wide became Stacy "Eartha Quake" Farrell; Dina Dell became Jacqueline Joyce; Annie Blanche Banks became Tempest Storm; and while Rose Louise Hovick became Gypsy Rose Lee, Marjorie Rose Lee became Rosita Royce, and Rosina DePella became Rose La Rose. Go figure.

In 1935, there were 3,500 strippers in America, but that number was reduced after the war to 2,500. The average professional stripper had a career for about six years, while the headliners—Gypsy Rose Lee, Sally Rand, Georgia Sothern, Lili St. Cyr—sometimes performed for decades while amassing small fortunes and numerous husbands. The big stars of burlesque were women of considerable interest, and their individual stories, as told by Shteir, are both entertaining and, in a larger sense, educational—and all defy expectation.

They were not the prettiest girls with the best figures, but they all knew what it meant to entertain. And yes, each had her gimmick. Carrie Finnell could twirl the nipple tassels on her enormous breasts at different speeds and in different directions with such panache that her breasts were compared to propellers readying for lift-off—and she performed this mesmerizing anti-gravitational feat until she was seventy years old. Zorita performed with a giant snake about her body, echoing Eve entertaining herself without Adam. Blaze Starr, the "Human Heat Wave," rigged her bikini with tasty morsels of raw red meat and then lay supine onstage while a large black panther would retrieve his dinner from her quivering extremities.

Tempest Storm had breasts so big and beautiful that they were insured for a million dollars, and when the luscious redhead complained to a theater manager on one occasion that her breasts were simply too big, she was told, "God didn't make boobs too big for my business." Georgia Sothern, the "Human Dynamo," shook her hips into such a frenzy that she would have to steady herself on the scenery. "She strips just like she had dynamite for lunch," commented one fan. Fanny Brice posed as Rodin's Thinker for Alfred Stieglitz in *Vanity Fair* with a couple of strategically placed feathers.

Sally Rand, born Harriet Helen Beck in Elkton, Missouri in 1904, debuted her fan dance in Chicago in 1933 at the appropriately named Progress Exposition and never looked back—unless the fan fell. Later adding a sixty-inch opaque balloon as an alternative device, Rand kept things simple: with either fan or balloon she wafted about the stage twirling, bending, pausing, and posing, always keeping her three magic places covered by her improper prop. It was supposed that she was naked but no one could tell, and everyone wanted to know. She was repeatedly slapped with "indecent exposure" lawsuits and emerged from each trial a little more famous than before. She

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went on to become one of the biggest names to hit the burlesque circuit, eventually doing ads with her fan for air conditioners, performing for a crowd of eleven thousand at Hennie's Sideshow in Des Moines in 1947, and making as much as $1 million a year during the late 1940s. At the pinnacle of her fame she was even invited to give a lecture at Harvard that she titled "How to Be Intelligent Even Though Educated." Her sage advice to students was lost among the shouts of "Where's the bubble?" and "What's your phone number?" The educated wanted to know.

THEN THERE WAS GYPSY ROSE Lee. She made her debut at Minsky's in 1931 and went on to perform her famous "Stripteaser's Education" for the Ziegfeld Follies in 1936, where she stripped in a slow and stylized manner while reciting a witty poem indicating her great intelligence. And Gypsy owed her fame to her brains, for she had neither the prettiest face, nor the biggest breasts, nor the shapeliest legs in her business. But she had a genius that melded elegance, sex, and self-deprecating wit in all the right doses to produce the essence of a great tease where mystery is married to promise and charm in perfectly calibrated doses. All this and a nose for publicity that made her mother proud, and Gypsy remains the most famous stripper in history.

Lili St. Cyr was born Willis Marie Van Shaak in 1918, and became the best-known postwar stripper in North America. Unlike her predecessors, St. Cyr heralded the slimmer and more linear woman of our own time. She was cool, calm, even icy—blond and beautiful; and it was said that Marilyn Monroe modeled herself after Lili from Minneapolis. With hugely elaborate stage sets, St. Cyr rarely bumped or ground, but in numbers such as "Love Moods," where she bathed in a $10,000 crystal bath, and "Royal Wedding Night," where she impersonated Grace Kelly on her honeymoon with Prince Rainier, she paraded around with an impeccable class that rendered her deliciously untouchable.

St. Cyr endured numerous obligatory arrests, most notably at Ciro's in Los Angeles, where her trial became a travesty that succeeded not only in having the charges dismissed but in illuminating the hypocrisy of the whole endeavor. Her lawyer first sought to have a jury of "her peers" appointed—namely, fourteen strippers; and when that failed his client offered to "bathe" for the entire courtroom in her crystal bath to demonstrate that her nudity, while existent, was never apparent. The flustered judge declined St. Cyr's evidentiary offer, and she returned to bathe at Ciro's to standing-room-only crowds.

When Alfred Kinsey's sensational study of male sexual behavior was released in 1948 and it was stated that he had interviewed no fewer than 5,300 men, St. Cyr promptly pointed out that her own male "sample" was larger than Kinsey's "in a single three-performance day." Kinsey, for his part, had utilized his scientific methods some years earlier to measure the particulars of striptease as closely as he had measured the gall wasp: "the g-strings ... are half as wide as your little finger and not a button wider at the strategic spot ... she will remove even the string—slipping a finger in place ... with more damaging effect that the complete exposure of a nudist camp."

And what about that infamous G-string, a decoration born of fig leaves in Eden that one can predict with some certainty will be re-invented until the end of time? There is little question that this tiny triangle has taken up an inordinate amount of shelf space in many men's imaginations. (The burlesque G-string is undoubtedly grandmother to the ubiquitous thong that has laid claim to the American woman of today like a vise about her vagina.) Often called a "gadget," this miniscule article of costuming made one of its most poetic appearances on St. Cyr when attached to an invisible wire and painted with glowing radium. The theater lights went black while the audience watched Lili's little triangle lift from its cozy perch and float, all alone, into the wings, leaving its owner completely naked—in every man's mind. This was great striptease.

DESPITE THE ENJOYABLE RESURgence of interest in "burlesque" in the last few years, the great days have long been gone, and the so-called "new burlesque," while a well-meaning nod to the Golden Era, appears, well, vulgar by comparison. With the advent of movies, television, the Pill, and porn, the need for the sweet titillation of burlesque lost out to up-close and in-your-face sex. The New Jersey Supreme Court ruled that stripping was a "form of free speech" in 1953, but that ruling was reversed in 1957 with the claim that "obscenity" was not protected by the First Amendment. The Adams Theater in Newark closed its doors permanently.

The first successful union of striptease artists was organized in that same year, and its demand for increased wages put most of its members out of work, as theaters simply could not pay the union rates. One ambitious producer fought for no less than four years in the courts to be able to open a burlesque show without striptease in Brooklyn and finally won his case in 1957. The show closed after four days, owing to poor ticket sales: burlesque without naked girls is like a fish with a bicycle.

The Minsky family, ever true to their calling, premiered their first show in Las Vegas in the late 1950s, and the Nevada legislature failed (though it tried) to pass the "bare bosom bill." In 1959, the musical *Gypsy* opened to enormous acclaim on Broadway, reviving interest in the genre—but it was already at one remove, promoting an air of nostalgia about a theatrical era gone by. Shteir interestingly points out that the crackdown on organized crime during the McClellan hearings in 1962 probably provided the single biggest blow to burlesque by linking pornography and striptease in the public mind.

Where has all this teasing led us today? To the corporate strip clubs, where Cocteau's observation that "in the long run, the Americans suffer from a craze for the colossal" has been confirmed in mounds of gravity-defying silicone. The girls more often than not are bored or drugged, the ballgame blasts from a plasma screen in one corner, and the men sit at the "sushi bar" gazing in equal lust and embarrassment like teenagers in a circle jerk, offering crumpled dollar bills to the tattooed Lolita splaying herself before them. Even sex ain't what it used to be.

None of the girls removed those mandatory G-strings until the 1950s, and now dancers not only discard them, they also expose the mystery of the "fatal vault" for their customers. Where can one possibly go from here? Or there? With nothing left to hide, there is nowhere to go; one can never get enough when there is already too much. We may be witnessing the grand finale of an ancient thrill. Rachel Shteir's accomplished book leaves one longing for the mystery of a white mink merkin from Harry Bosen's New York Costume Shop in Chicago, or the charm of Lili St. Cyr's roaming radium gadget. ■

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SEATTLE DIARIST

Quiet Riot

LAST WEEK, AFTER 2.8 MILLION votes, three recounts, four lawsuits, and innumerable accusations of fraud and corruption, Christine Gregoire was sworn in as governor of Washington State. The inauguration in Olympia, the state's mythically named capital, took place on the kind of sodden, blustery day that passes for winter in the Pacific Northwest. It wasn't so different, in fact, from the day before the ceremony, when protesters filled the narrow road leading to the Capitol and shouts of "Revote!" swelled through the old logging and fishing enclave. Both days began with drizzle and a fine haze; both ended with the setting aside of bygones, handshakes, and, in some cases, hugs. It was all very cordial, all very Washingtonian.

GOVERNOR GREGOIRE IS, LIKE HER TWO-term predecessor, Gary Locke, a Democrat. She defeated Republican Dino Rossi. These are the basics of her election. Everything else is numerical chaos. The first vote tally, following much shuffling and stamp-licking—Washingtonians vote overwhelmingly by mail—on November 17, 2004, had Rossi ahead by 261 votes. Republicans rejoiced. This tiny margin, however, triggered an automatic machine recount and new, albeit similar, results: It was now Rossi, 1,372,484; Gregoire, 1,372,442. The GOP let out a contented sigh. State Democrats then marshaled their resources (namely, the leftovers of John Kerry's coffers and the e-mail lists of Howard Dean) to exploit an obscure law stipulating that a candidate could demand a third, manual recount if he or she financed it. Gregoire finally came out on top by ten votes. After King County, a liberal pocket on Puget Sound that includes Seattle, discovered several hundred erroneously discarded ballots, her margin of victory crept up to 129 votes, or about 0.00005 percent. Rossi and Co. were not unprepared; they immediately dredged up evidence of all sorts of irregularities, from untrained poll workers to ballots cast by felons and corpses. The phrase "stolen election" soon ricocheted from the northern border town of Bellingham to the far-eastern outpost of Spokane.

BUT SUCH ANIMOSITY IS UNUSUAL IN the Evergreen State. When I was growing up in Seattle, the great pride of my civics and state history teachers was Washington's grand tradition of bipartisanship, which is to say, its grand tradition of nonpartisanship. In races for several high-profile offices—including mayor of Seattle—candidates don't even declare their party affiliation, and political differences in the region tend to be understood as matters of degree rather than dogma. A frontier ethos, perhaps diluted in recent years by an influx of fresh blood, still provides a powerful moral compass. And Washingtonians, fiercely secular (apart from Oregon, we're the least churchgoing state in the union), distrust affiliations of all kinds. They are designations of exclusion rather than inclusion, and, as a virtue, cooperation trumps certitude any day of the week. It's the basis of a refrain I often heard from one neighborhood activist when I was young: "We believe in people, not parties." And we never accuse people of theft without solid proof.

THE RANCOROUS SHOWDOWN OF THE gubernatorial race, then, assaulted local politesse as much as it disrupted regional politics. Visiting Seattle toward the end of December, I found surprisingly little vitriol directed at the candidates. Harsh epithets and eye-rolling—rare displays of hostility in our mild community of crisp sea air and software companies—were mostly reserved for the two political parties. The feeling seemed to be that the Democrats and Republicans were playing out a symbolic struggle for national power and credibility in our state. And, unlike, say, Florida or Ohio, Washington was not relishing its moment in the electoral spotlight.

DURING HER LENGTHY INAUGURAL address, Gregoire grasped for phrases that captured the Washingtonian sense of political dignity—she wanted to show she was an independent but not a maverick, conciliatory but not condescending. She settled on something of a paradox: "I believe the voters have given all of us a mandate." It took a moment for the line to sink in. Sporting orange ribbons on their lapels (the borrowed protest regalia of the presidential race in Ukraine), a few Republican members of the state Congress simply squirmed in their seats. Democrats eventually got to their feet to clap thunderously, if uncomprehendingly, at the sentiment.

LIKE THEIR STATE LEGISLATORS, WASHingtonians have shown themselves adept at balancing skepticism and civility. A recent poll by Seattle station KING-TV indicates that 53 percent of Washingtonians believe Rossi won the election; a modest 36 percent think Gregoire was the rightful victor. These are broad-minded figures in a state whose electorate is still, despite its distaste for party politics, solidly Democratic. They also testify to the region's deep concerns about fairness and objectivity. Clearly, many of those polled voted for Gregoire but consider her a usurper. At the same time, Rossi voters have peaceably accepted Gregoire as their governor. Whatever cantankerous battles raged over the past few months have now been politely tucked away for 2008.

IN WHAT MAY SEEM LIKE ANOTHER surprising twist for this dependably blue state, the hero of the whole affair turned out to be a Republican. Sam Reed, Washington's white-haired, avuncular secretary of state, bucked intense party pressure and certified Gregoire as governor-elect. Squawks about Reed's disloyalty rose up from party fringes. And elements of the state GOP berated Reed for hiring independent attorneys to handle challenges, a seemingly proper move considering Gregoire had been attorney general for the past twelve years. But mostly, Reed garnered respect. His aw-shucks mannerisms at press conferences undercut some of the bluster emanating from the candidates' camps. And he had a knack for turning simple Washingtonian sentiments—"Anytime something is this close . . . you are going to see some of the warts in the system"—into big, bipartisan applause lines.

THE DANGER OF STRAYING FROM PARTY lines, as Washingtonians so often do, is, of course, political incoherence. But, thankfully, the tendency of Democrats and Republicans here is not to wander off to the side but to meet in the middle. Even when passions in Washington state run high, there are rarely any hard feelings.

KEELIN McDONELL

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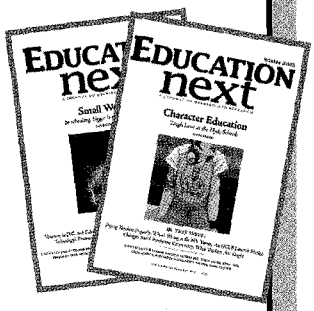
America Needs Innovation in K–12 Education

EDUCATION NEXT

A JOURNAL OF OPINION AND RESEARCH



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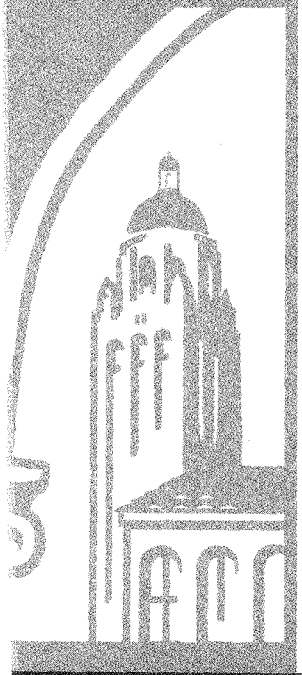

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.

The case for innovation is simple: less than half the schools in low-income areas of our big cities can meet the minimum state performance standards. Educators say, "We know how to make inner-city schools effective, but we can't do it until we get [fill in the blank: more money, more political will, a higher class of parents]." Don't let them kid you. **We really don't know how to educate millions of children whose preschool preparation and home supports are far different from the American middle-class norm.**

We need the kind of problem-solving effort that made it possible for America to go to the moon and find therapies for cancer and AIDS. We should encourage new initiatives and sift out the best for further development, until we have one or more options that can work.

Public education, however, fights this kind of problem solving. It is for innovation as long as school boards, district central offices, and teacher unions can do business as usual. Even charter schools, which could create diverse approaches to fuel innovation, are held down by the system. They get a lot less money than regular public schools and must pay for facilities that public schools get free. Many charter school leaders focus their creative energies on juggling bills and finding good teachers who will work for low pay.

Even when charter schools devise innovative ways of teaching, there is no mechanism for shifting money and students in their direction. State caps limit the number of charter schools that can exist, and local school boards fight charter schools that threaten to draw students away from district-run schools.

Real innovation is happening, but it is coming from higher education and private, often religious, schools. Middle College and Running Start programs are moving bored high school students onto college campuses, where they are too challenged and excited to drop out. Cristo Rey high schools remedy poor children's isolation from the mainstream economy by placing them into part-time office jobs, where they see how classroom lessons apply to the real world. Nativity middle schools, a precursor to the Knowledge is Power Program (KIPP), provide a twelve-hour day complete with classes, sports, motivation, mentoring, and fun. These programs work—especially for the low-income city children who languish in conventional schools.

School districts resist such innovations. School board members say that KIPP demands too much of teachers and that Cristo Rey and Nativity are too tainted by religion. Here the institutional arrangements get in the way of progress. To be open to innovation, public education needs to let people with new ideas start schools, allow secular imitation of religious models, allow parents to move from less to more promising schools, and let money follow children wherever they go.

—Paul T. Hill

Paul T. Hill is a distinguished visiting fellow at the Hoover Institution; a member of Hoover's Koret Task Force on K–12 Education; and a research professor at the University of Washington's Daniel J. Evans School of Public Affairs.

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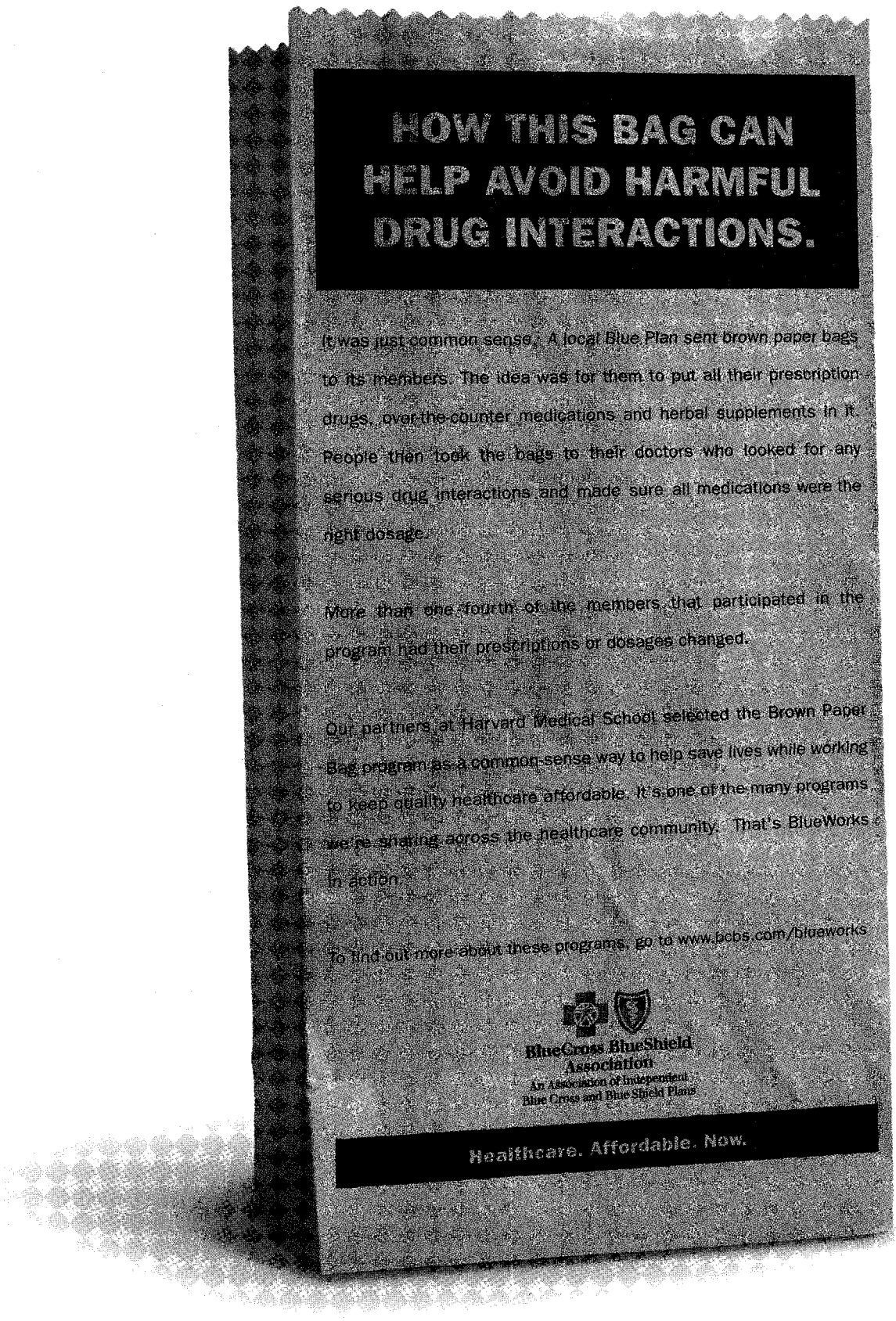
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